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Sunday, Sept. 1, 1935



Night Club Girl — Impressions by
M. Victor C. de Tchetchet
the Distinguished Russian Artist

Unearthing the Secrets of the Strange Monument to the Emperor Trajan



Roman Soldiers Depleted in a Curious Bas-Relief, Carrying Insignia of Victory.



Below—Dacian Refugees Shown in Flight at the Approach of Roman Invaders Who Erected a Great Monument to Commemorate Their Victory and Honor the Emperor Trajan.



The Monument of Adam Kilsel, Near the Black Sea—One of the Most Famous of the Ruins in the East. The Photograph Was Taken Only a Few Weeks Ago.



A Prisoner Being Conducted to the Dungeons by a Roman Soldier.

ADAM KILSI, near the shores of the Black Sea, still bears a Turkish name, although it has been in Roumania ever since that country threw off the Turkish yoke fifty-odd years ago. The name in Turkish means "Church of the Man," but Adam Kilsel is not a church—it is a huge pile of stones, the ruins of the monument completed more than eighteen centuries ago to commemorate the Emperor Trajan's victory over the Dacians in the campaign which lasted from 101 to 106 A. D.

Trajan's predecessors, the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius, had vainly attempted to overcome these barbarians. Under his command, one army came from the West through Pannonia, the Danube basin, and another from the Southeast, from the Balkans. The enemy was defeated in the mountains of present-day Transylvania.

To commemorate the victory of the western army, the Arch of Trajan was built in Rome. And here, near the shores of the Black Sea,

the triumph of the eastern army was celebrated in stone. Scientists say that this monument was entirely constructed by the soldiers who remained as an army of occupation in the conquered province.

The sculptures are realistic, depicting the life and the customs of the conquered northern barbarians. One sees their warriors, their women, their children, their herds, their carts and their weapons. Among the bas-reliefs are some which show the Roman soldiers in their triumphal procession; and one of the figures, holding a scepter of command, is supposed to be the Emperor Trajan himself. The bas-reliefs once covered the sides of the huge

pile, now standing bare and crumbling, all that remains of one of the most elaborate monuments ever raised to the glory of a conqueror.

For centuries Adam Kilsel lay in the path of war. Time and desecration buried the monument under the dust of ages. The Turks, who finally became the overlords of this territory, had little interest in the statuary of the Romans.

The first modern mention of Adam Kilsel occurs in 1830, but it was not until about sixty years ago that any serious attempts were made at excavating the ruins and these were often interrupted by wars which still raged in this region. The first time that a scientific report about Adam Kilsel was made, was in 1881. From 1883 to 1893, serious excavations, instead of sporadic attempts to uncover the hidden treasure, were conducted by Bucharest University.

The work has finally been completed. Only the great base of the original monument remains. The bas-reliefs and friezes have been removed to the War Museum in Bucharest where there is a small model of the reconstruction of the monument fashioned in plaster.



Irene Podesta Displaying the Original Moth Bathing Suit. The Costume Is Made of the Varicolored Wings of the Insects. R. F. Sternitzky, Artist and Collector, Assisted in Designing and Making the Odd Beach Outfit.

Bathing Suit Made of Moths

THE bathing suit which the young woman is wearing in the photograph at the left is distinctly different and, as the fashion critics say, fetching. But it is one of those abbreviated beach outfits intended to be looked at and never actually worn in the water.

The ornamentation of the costume is made up of moths and butterflies which are attached to a cloth foundation. All the colors of the rainbow are in the well preserved wings and the specimens are arranged with a keen eye to effect.

Even Miss Irene Podesta, the fair resident of San Francisco, who is inside the costume does not expect the butterfly bathing suit to become a vogue at least not with real butterflies and moths as the decorative note. In the first place the wings would be ruined after one plunge into the water and in the second place such a costume would cost much more than the average feminine vacationist could afford.

For the specimens in this particular suit are valued at several hundred dollars.

The moths and butterflies which went into the making of the beautiful if impractical bathing suit are the property of R. F. Sternitzky, artist and collector of the winged insects that flit over the flowers of California. The artist and Miss Podesta worked the

novel idea out together, and they report that it was not a simple matter attaching the moths and butterflies to the fabric foundation so that the insects were not damaged and the effect achieved both striking and aesthetic.

As the photograph shows, the smaller specimens were put at the bottom of the suit and the larger ones, some of them with bright wings six and seven inches across, at the top. When the job was done Miss Podesta appeared to be some spirit of the woods and fields on whose graceful body hundreds of moths and butterflies had lighted to rest from their fluttering and to glorify their particular godesses.

If the unique bathing outfit is useless in the water, at least it can serve as an inspiration for the makers of such raiment and for designers of stage costumes. Replicas of the moths and butterflies could be fashioned of rubber or of some waterproof material and the result would be very much like that in the suit ornamented with real insects.

Makers of beach wear are always on the lookout for new ideas and some of their notions have been no more sensible than that suggested by the butterfly creation. Miss Podesta probably would be willing to forego royalties if some manufacturer were moved to duplicate, or imitate, her odd ensemble.

\$180 A Year Rents A Real Castle

IT isn't true, as one visiting was recently remarked, that castles are a dime a dozen in the British Isles, but it is a fact that a score of old and famous baronial estates have been sold and rented to commoners since the World War and that many lesser historic castles have been knocked down on the auction block or made available at absurdly low rentals.

Right now ancient Kinnaird Castle, one of the strongholds of Scotland dating back to the thirteenth century, can be leased for as little as \$180 a year, if the tenant will agree to keep the place up so long as he occupies it.

The present owner of the feudal estate—Mr. H. Drummond Gauld of Edinburgh—recently found that he will not be able to live in his famous home for the next year or two. He intimates that he has to concentrate on business affairs and that he hasn't the necessary money to run the place with the corps of servants needed to do the job comfortably.

Mr. Gauld recently bought the castle from Captain Alex. Crundall who lived there for several years after the close of the World War but found the place too expensive for his purse. Captain Crundall spent a lot of money on the castle and introduced many modern conveniences, while preserving the antique, rugged character of the fort-like structure. He installed a heating plant, electric lights and an elevator, and put in a couple of bathrooms, and then

he discovered that his depressed income was not enough to maintain the estate. That's why he sold it, at a sacrifice, to Mr. Gauld who, in turn, has found that he can't afford to live there either.

Kinnaird Castle is not one of the larger feudal estates of the British Isles, but it is a good-sized castle with an adjoining stone house for servants and a park of some 12 acres through which a small river runs. It has a colorful history, however, and would provide plenty of medieval atmosphere for someone who likes that sort of thing.

For example, there is a story that Sir William Wallace, one of the greatest of Scottish heroes, sought refuge in the castle on a journey to Dunbar. On the occasion of his visit, which lasted several days, he is said to have lifted the great iron gate which still guards the portal of the castle off its hinges. Then, as further spectacular proof of his brute strength, he gripped the gate in his powerful hands and set it back in place again.

King James I slept in one of the rooms in the late 1500's.

In the cellar of the castle the dungeon which was built in the late 1300's is just as it was in the days when knights were held and were the masters of all they surveyed—until some more mighty noblemen took their property away by the power of the sword.

The scullery of the castle has one window with the thick stone sill worn thin where, for centuries, the serfs who prepared the food for the lords of the manor, sharpened their knives.



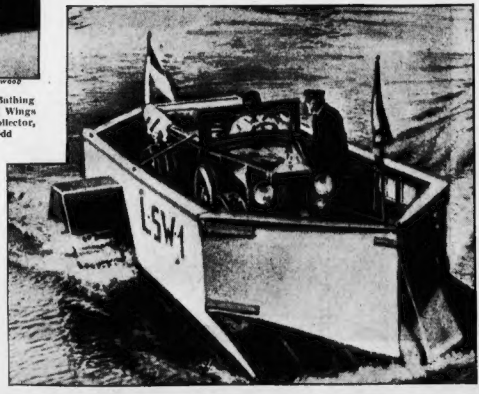
Kinnaird Castle, Perthshire, Where James VI of Scotland, Who Also Was James I of England, Slept on One Occasion. It Has Been Modernized and a Tenant May Live There for \$180 a Year.

Ferry Your Own Auto

THE photograph at the right shows one of the smallest and most ingenious automobile ferries in the world. It is in service on a small river in Bavaria and the automobilists who use it have to furnish the motive power for the box-like craft.

When a car drives on the ferry its rear wheels are placed on two heavy bells which are connected with paddle wheels. The owner-skipper signals the driver of the car to start his engine and the short voyage begins.

Of course, there is considerable loss of efficiency and the power of the automobile is not transferred without waste to the wooden blades that send the ferry through the water. But by running a car at a speed of 35 miles an hour, as registered by the speedometer, the Bavarian ferry boat plunges through the water at better than 10 miles an hour. To slow the ferry down so that it will make a happy landing the motorist merely puts his machine into reverse.



This Automobile Ferry in Bavaria Does a Rushing Business, Although the Motorist Has to Supply the Power for the Boat. The Rear Wheels of the Automobile Turn the Paddle Wheels.

What the Money Did to the Princesses' Boarders

Disconcerting Episodes at the Home for Selected Patrons of the Noble (But in Reduced Circumstances) Marguerite de Broglie, When She Adopted Three Tailed Fugitives From the Zoo Who Sought Refuge There With Her Twenty Siamese Cats



The Princess Marguerite de Broglie in Her Studio With One of the Macaque Monkeys That Caused Such Distress to Her Patrons.

The Courtyard of Princess de Broglie's Hotel Particulier, or Noble Boarding House, Down the Stairway of Which Mrs. Vilnorin, One of the Princess' Tenants, Fell and Broke Her Leg.

cousin of the Princess, was deeply humiliated one evening by the impudent way in which they aped his gestures while he discoursed profoundly on atomic physics to the guests.

But if Marguerite was charmed with her new boarders her other tenants were not. These boarders were great thieves and mischief-makers.

During the absence of their mistress they seldom failed to pay visits to the rooms of Marguerite's lodgers and loot the larders. On one occasion "Spiniely" devoured a dozen tarts in the pantry of Mme. Bourdon, the concierge.

"Michel Simon," an ineptuous epicure, found an equal delight in washing down a bar of soap with a bottle of bluing he discovered in the kitchen, and of making a meal of six candles, which he brought to light in the office of a missionary society on the third floor back.

The monkeys' depredations were not confined to larders, soap, candles or tomatos. His Excellency M. Barjot, a minister plenipotentiary, left his window open one afternoon and "Spiniely" climbed in and carried off some State papers, not to mention upsetting a bottle of ink all over others on his desk.

Following this playful excursion, "Spiniely," climbing up the front of the house, found a window unfastened and entered another apartment. This was that of Mme. Diane de Portailles, a recent bride, of a family almost as distinguished as her noble landlady's own. Mme. Diane had only been in the boarding-house for about a day and knew nothing about the monkeys. Spiniely had a splendid time ripping up the bridal bed, investigating with feet and teeth the trousseau, pulling down the curtains and so on. Suddenly she spied the bride's dressing table with its array of perfumes and cosmetics. Spiniely seated herself upon the table and began to investigate. She had often seen the Princess make up in just such a mirror. So Spiniely began to improve her own face.

A little later Madame de Portailles opened the door to her apartments. There, at her dressing-table, sat a grotesque creature, hairy head smeared

Mme. de Vilnorin, Whom the Princess Accused of Deliberately Cutting Holes in Her Stairway Carpet So She Could Claim She Tripped on It and Get Damages for Breaking Her Leg.

with globes of cold cream and other cosmetics, one eye circled with mascara, a face daubed with rouge and powder, while her perfumes and other beauty aids were strewn everywhere.

It was no sight for a bride! She screamed loudly and fainted. "Simon," probably suffering from a stomach-ache, broke into Dr. Boulanger's apartment, sampled several boxes of pills, and was accused of having despatched with the Doctor's gold watch and ring. The jewelry was never recovered, in spite of a thorough search conducted by the police commissary of the Rue Perronet.

While the Doctor grinned and took his medicine, he probably wished he was living in the Middle Ages, when animals, guilty of theft, were sentenced to death by French magistrates.

M. Bernart Alix, a lodger whose wife's car had been bitten by one of the apes, complained to the police, and without warning, a car full of agents arrived at the Princess' residence. But the cunning animals, apparently suspecting foul play, escaped to the roof, and all the coaxing of the Princess could not persuade them to come down.

When the police departed, Marguerite expelled M. Alix and his wife from her flat for having dared to object to what she called the "pranks" of her beloved macaques. She likewise dismissed Mme. Bourdon, the concierge. Meanwhile the apes, after a noisy



Mme. de Portailles Opened the Door to Her Bridal Apartments. There, at Her Dressing Table, Sat a Grotesque Creature, Hairy Head Smeared With Globes of Cold Cream and Cosmetics, Face Daubed With Rouge and Powder, While Her Perfumes and Cosmetics Were Strewn Everywhere and the Bridal Bed Presumptuously Ripped to Pieces. It Was "Spiniely," One of the Princess' Monkeys, but the Bride Did Not Know That. She Screamed Loudly and Fainted.

conference, decided to move away to another place where they would not be disturbed. At first, the trio camped in the gardens of the Countess of Bourbon-Russel, in the Rue de Lille, splashing about in the sculptured fountain, performing trapeze-stunts in the trees, and playing all sorts of tricks on the terrified maid-servants.

Then they took up their quarters in the grounds of the Legion of Honour Palace. Here, joining tails and hands, they executed a dance in the best ballet style of the opera—around the Corinthian columns. They climbed up the flag-pole with the skill of French sailors, raced on the roof as if they were staging an exhibition, damaged statues and busts. According to a boulevard war, they showed their rage because the Grand Chancery had decorated their worst enemy—Dr. Veronoff, the monkey-gland expert.

The macaques were captured at last by an animal-keeper from Vincennes Zoo, M. Maurice Cast, and four of his helpers. The fugitives were then tied with ropes, put into a taxi and taken back to the Zoo. In spite of protest from the Princess, who claimed them as her own.

Besides the monkeys, Princess Marguerite de Broglie has had other troublesome boarders, but the most vexatious tenant was undoubtedly Mme. Philippine Melaine de Vilnorin, one of the few women in France wearing cravat and star of the Commandeur de la Legion d'Honneur.

At the beginning, Mme. de Vilnorin was a bosom friend of Princess Marguerite, and even ordered flowers for the latter's garden. Unhappily, she neglected to pay for the posies, and with what made the warden fess, for the Princess refused to foot the bill.

Mme. de Vilnorin, who had signed a six-year lease, now did everything in her power to break the contract, but she only succeeded in breaking a leg by falling downstairs. She told the Court she had tripped in the folds of an old tattered carpet on the stairway,

and demanded 200,000 francs damages, adding that the Princess never made improvements or repairs in the house and that the place was falling into ruin.

The Princess replied by hinting that her distinguished lodger was unbalanced, which would certainly account for the fall, and asserted that after tumbling headlong downstairs, Mme. de Vilnorin had returned to her apartment, taken a pair of scissors, and had proceeded to cut holes in the stairway carpet to make it look as though it was worn-out and had occasioned the fall.

Smarting under the charge that she never repaired her "hotel particulier," the Princess immediately hired decorators to paint the place. However, when they finished the job, Melaine was madder than ever. She said she was now ashamed to enter her flat because the walls had been daubed a bright yellow and the shutters a vivid green, making it look for all the world like a disorderly house—and she started another lawsuit against her proprietress.

At last, when Mme. de Vilnorin's lease expired, Princess Marguerite was so jubilant to see her boarder decamp that she celebrated the occasion by going on a voyage to Athens, taking along with her a kodak, palette, paint-box, brushes—and a handsome Mexican biologist of her acquaintance.

Arrived at their destination, the couple repaired daily to the Acropolis, where Marguerite made oil-studies of the Parthenon ruins. While these bagatelles were in progress, beauty, they lacked the originality of the kodak pictures she and her Mexican friend took here—photos in which both appeared nude.

Marguerite and her companion were ordered to leave Greece at once. They had created a greater scandal in the Parthenon than the Princess' apes had caused in the Legion of Honour Palace at Paris. Perhaps Heine was not exaggerating when he said that men and women are only degenerated monkeys.

PARIS, Aug. 23. TIRED of exile and captivity, a troop of fifteen macaques, dog-faced monkeys about three feet high when they stand up, members of the Pithecius Rhesus tribe, escaped, a couple of weeks ago, from the Vincennes Zoo and started out to explore the Parisian jungle. The attendants at the zoo sought the monkeys to recapture them. One of the fifteen was caught trespassing in the palace grounds of the President of the Republic, while he (the monkey, not the President), hung by his tail from a tree branch. Eleven more of the fugitives were captured in the Bois de Vincennes—that parody of a forest so dear to picknicking Parisians, where they rake up corks, melon rinds and suicides from the scanty underwood. This made twelve of the fifteen. Where were the other three members of the band? They had eluded pursuers by climbing into a "hotel particulier" at number 80 Rue de l'Universite in the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. A "hotel particulier" ordinarily means a private house in France, but this was really an unusually particular boarding-house because its landlady is the Princess Marguerite de Broglie. The de Broglies go back no one knows how many years, to the beginning of the French nobility. But, having found herself in reduced circumstances, Princess Marguerite opened up a boarding-house in the only ancestral mansion she had left. Why did the three monkeys pick her residence as a refuge? Maybe they knew that the Princess, even though she might be unaware of it, had also a vacant suite in her heart for monkeys. At any rate they slunk and crept through the corridors along with their knights and ladies had glided and strutted for centuries, until they burst into Marguerite's studio where she was busy painting. And Marguerite, caring nothing about where they had come from, welcomed them.

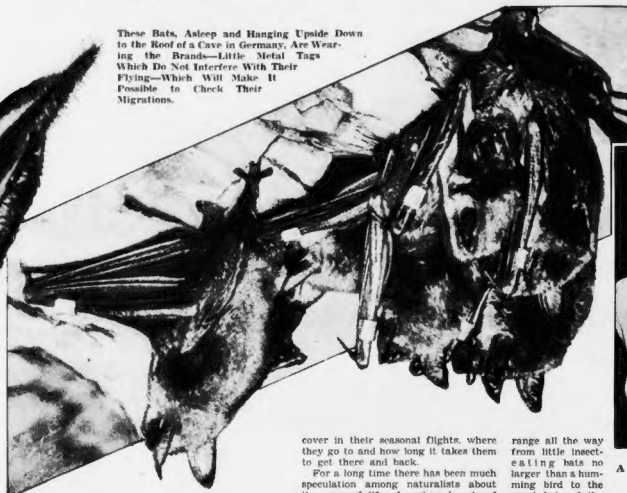
The Princess Marguerite, indeed, not

Branding Bats to Learn Their Secrets



Remarkable Photograph of a Big-Eared Bat, Snapped During a Study of the Nocturnal Creatures by German Scientists.

These Bats, Asleep and Hanging Upside Down to the Roof of a Cave in Germany, Are Wearing the Brand-Like Metal Tags Which Do Not Interfere With Their Flying—Which Will Make It Possible to Check Their Migrations.



A Young Woman Putting the Identifying Brands on a Lap Load of Bats That Do Not Seem to Mind the Branding Process.

BERLIN
Several weeks ago a group of German zoologists went to work on a project which should clear up much of the mystery and dispel

some of the dark superstition surrounding the habits and movements of various breeds of bats. As two of the photographs on this page show, the creatures are being brand-

puzzled about for centuries.

Some species of bats migrate, like birds. Others hibernate and never move far away from their original home. The metal markers will make it possible for the Nazi experimenters to learn just which kinds of bats go South in the winter and which hang themselves upside down in dank caves and wait for the return of warm weather. The tags also should reveal how much territory the migrating bats

cover in their seasonal flights, where they go to and how long it takes them to get there and back.

For a long time there has been much speculation among naturalists about the span of life of various breeds of bats. It appears that some species are comparatively short-lived and that other species live as long as 10 years, perhaps longer. Labeling the bats should, in time, throw considerable new light on this interesting point.

A lot of ugly and erroneous notions about bats have already been dispelled by the studies of naturalists. It is known that there are more than 2,000 species and subspecies of bats in the world and that the members of the curious and much misunderstood family

range all the way from little insect-eating bats no larger than a hummingbird to the great bats of the South Sea Islands which have a wing-spread of 40 inches.

Although they have wings and remarkable power of flight, bats are not birds. They rank as mammals and are the only animals that fly. The so-called flying squirrels do not actually fly. They spring, spread the thin web of skin between their bodies and their front legs and vasples from one tree to another. The flying lemurs, are gliders and nothing more.

teresting effort to delve into the private lives of many species of bats, are armed with a great deal of information that isn't generally known. They haven't the slightest fear of the creatures it is their job to brand because they are aware that, with the exception of the fruit-eating bats and a few bats that are true vampires that suck the blood of animals and, sometimes, of human beings, bats are as harmless as kittens.

The German scientists, in their in-

Australia's Giant Hog—A Truckload of Pork on the Hoof

THE farmers of the "Land Down Under" raise a lot of pigs and some good ones. But never before had visitors to the annual Royal Agricultural Show, recently held in Sydney, seen the likes of the monstrous porker shown in the photograph at the right.

This huster, a thoroughbred boar, is, of course, a freak, but he is perfectly formed in spite of his unusual size and weight.

The farmer who entered him in the live stock show couldn't explain how the hog happened to wax so exceedingly big. He explained to the judges that the animal was one of a litter of seven and was of normal size and weight at birth. The hog was fed the same rations as his brothers and sisters for the first few weeks of his life, but outstripped them all in growth. It soon became necessary to double his food in order to keep pace with his voracious appetite.

The big pig just about stole the show. For more than a week the spectators crowded around his pen and declared that they had no idea that a pig could grow that large. On the last day of the fair the boar was taken out of his quarters and walked to the scales where the draft horses and beef "cutters" are weighed by the judges. There was considerable speculation as to his weight and the guesses ranged from 800

pounds to 1,400 pounds. The scales registered a few ounces over 1,100 pounds when the porker was led onto the platform.

For a time there was talk of killing the big fellow, stuffing him and making him an exhibit in one of the

country's museums. But it was decided to let him live, breed him with blue-blooded sows of more than average size in the hope of developing a strain of pigs which would exceed in weight any of the standard breeds that have been developed since farming became a semi-science. Scientists were of the opinion that the boar would

not pass on his size to his offspring because he is a freak that is much more likely to sire sons offspring than those chances-in-a-million like himself.

This is not the biggest pig on record, however. A few years ago William Ditchman of Leigh, Nebraska, had the good luck to

get a freak pig in one of his litters. He named the hog Daxler and the name was deserved, for he piled on size and avoirdupois until, he was more than seven feet from snout to tail and tipped the scales at better than 1,235 pounds. Daxler was a pure-bred Poland China and surpassed the Australian pig both in size and poundage.

When he got his growth he stood 52 inches high at the shoulder.

It might seem that brutes like Daxler and Australia's Spalding Bradbury would be difficult to handle, but these over-size porkers have surprisingly calm dispositions.



This Smiling Young Woman Is Wearing One of the New "Platinum" Bathing Suits, Which Glisten in the Sunshine and, of Course, Contribute to the Pleasures of the Seaside.

"Platinum" Bathing Suits That Shine in the Sun

TIME was—and not so many years ago—when the country's maidens and matrons sporting themselves at the seaside provided a lot of comic relief in the American Scene. Even in the Gay Nineties, and for many years before that decorous decade, the dominant note in bathing suits was modesty and coverage. In those days the fair sex didn't have legs—they had limbs, and if they were fortunate enough to possess graceful curves these contours were concealed from the eyes of observant males by outfits which appeared to be designed and made by the manufacturers of tents.

The oldtime bathing ensembles had panties—long, full panties that reached half-way down the knee and the ankle and, sometimes, they descended all the way to the ankle which was hidden beneath a ruffle. The pantaloons were, for all their fullness, worn beneath a billowing skirt, which completed the destruction of any physical comeliness the wearer might have, and the bodies of the get-up fitted close about the neck and upper arms. Stockings were the order of the day and the rig was topped off with a bathing cap.

Those days have gone forever. Since the Gay Nineties the male and female have, gradually but definitely, quit "hiding their light under a bushel." It is no longer a secret that they have legs—not limbs—arms, backs and other anatomical odds and ends. The tent-like costume has given way to the one-piece bathing suit, and that clinging, abbreviated outfit has taken on color

and sparkle for the glorification of the wearer and the interested appreciation of the onlooker.

The smiling young woman at the left is shingly arrayed in one of the most modern of the new-day swimming outfits. As such costumes go, these days, she is modestly if scarcely dressed. But wherever she goes she is the center of attraction because the suit

has a glistening metallic finish which glints in the sun and brings out all the grace of her body.

Of course this ultra-modern beach outfit is not platinum for it would cost a fortune just to run a few threads of that valuable metal through the fabric, but it is called the "Platinum Suit" because of its gleaming metallic finish.

Marcel Rochas, the eminent Parisian couturier who conceived the costume, gave it a flexible foundation for the sake of comfort and fit. The material on the outside, which glints so prettily in the sun, is waterproof and loses nothing of its brightness after repeated immersion in fresh, or in salt water.

This modish interpretation of the one-piece bathing suit found immediate favor in the smart watering places in Europe and in this country. It comes in every color in the rainbow and many tints besides.

On Most Australian Farms "Pigs Is Pigs," but This Thoroughbred Porker, Which Captured the First Prize for His Species at the Recent Royal Agricultural Show in Sydney, Is No Ordinary Hog. His Rather High-Sounding Name Is Spalding Bradbury and He Tips the Scales at More Than Half a Ton.

Both men came from Australia and in the past five years they have appeared in theatres together all over Europe. They enjoy traveling but find it difficult to enjoy much comfort away from their own homes where the furniture is made to their measure. The giant, for example, has yet to find a bed long enough for him, or a chair with its seat high enough from the floor for him to sit in it with comfort. The midget, with equal cause for complaint, says that all the beds, chairs and tables that he has to use are much too big for him and too high from the floor.

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The Five-foot Giant of a Show Turning the Theatres of the British Isles Holds His Midget Pal in One Hand While the Little Fellow Borrows a Light.

Science Finds 1329 Different Kinds of Pure Water

Not the Simple Commonplace Substance
Everybody Takes for Granted, but
Highly Complex and With
Astonishing Effects Upon
Nutrition and Mentality



The Primeval Earth When Life Was Just Beginning to Develop. From the Painting by the Distinguished American Artist, Charles R. Knight, in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. © Field Museum, Chicago.

The Evolution of Man, Many Scientists Believe, Was Not a Slow Process, but Occurred in Jumps, and the New Discoveries About Water Indicate, These Jumps May Have Been Caused by Changes in the Character of the Water Consumed by Our Remote Ancestors.

THERE are 1329 different kinds of pure water, each having a different effect on the person who drinks it. The average glass of water is a sort of water-cocktail, a mixture of many, though perhaps not all kinds, and the mixture varies greatly in different places and even out of the same tap, at different times.

The water in the ice pitcher and that in the coffee, especially if it was made in a percolator, are now known to have different effects on the various processes of life. Out in the garage, the storage battery of the car is quietly manufacturing a drop or two of that mysterious heavy water which was described in The American Weekly some time ago.

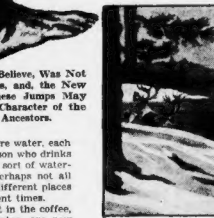
Since human beings are 86% water, the average man consists of ten gallons of it, the remaining 20% being mostly tank, pump and pipes to contain and control the liquid, the importance of the new discovery becomes evident. It was a most unexpected one. Until recently everyone thought that every drop of water in the world must be like every other drop. There might be a choice of 25 kinds of soda water at the fountain but nobody doubted that the actual water in each was identical.

Students were taught that water was H₂O, meaning that its molecules consisted of two atoms of hydrogen wedged to one atom of oxygen. The atoms and the molecule must always be identically the same whether in a drop of condensed steam or melted from a piece of ice that had been frozen at the pole for 10,000 years. Now this is known to be all wrong. The person who asks for a drink of water is as indefinite as a child walking into a store where they have 1329 varieties and asking for a bag of candy.

Even if a customer could know which of the 1329 kind is best, the chemist to whom he applied would have his troubles trying to supply the order. Nobody wants to fill up on heavy water and couldn't if he did because in all the world there is not 10 gallons of the pure stuff available.

Quite as surprising, it now appears that water acquires habits of vital importance to the animal or vegetable that absorbs it. Fill a tank with ordinary, pure drinking water and it will make no difference whether one dips out a drink from one end of the tank or the other. But suppose half of that tankful is preserved for 20 or 25 years as a block of ice while the other half is kept sealed in liquid form. Then one day the ice is melted and becomes liquid, just as pure as the day it froze. At the same time the other half tankful is put through a still, converted into steam and condensed back into water again to cleanse it of any impurities that may have grown during the long wait. Here then are two halves of the same old sample of water as pure as the day they were in the beginning. Would it make any difference whether a person drank one half or the other?

If experiments on lower creatures can be believed, it would make a great difference. If he takes the half that has recently been distilled, he is drinking what is now called "liquid steam" which has been found to slow down the activities of several kinds of plants and animals. If he should keep it up long enough, he might notice a lack of his



Field Museum of Natural History



Field Museum of Natural History



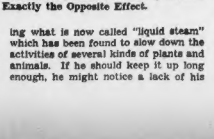
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Animals Retreating Before the Glaciers During the Age of Ice, and Now It Is Found That Glacier Water Speeds Up Vital Activity. While Water That Has Been Super-Heated Slows It Down. From the Painting by the Distinguished American Artist, Charles R. Knight, in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. © American Museum.

usual "pep and ginger." But there is no reason to think it would ever make him sick.

Should he choose the melted ice half, his beverage will be what is called "melted ice." Also it is called "triplet water," because having been locked tight so long in solid form with other molecules, each one has developed a sort of sociable habit.

At ordinary room temperature, many of the water molecules cling to each other in groups of three, and there is evidence that sometimes they even hook up in families of two, four and, skipping five, perhaps bigger groups.

Due to the stimulating effect in speeding up all processes of life, liquid ice has been given the further name of "tonic water." Melted ice cubes from the mechanical refrigerator are not tonic water because the molecules have not been frozen long enough to get the habit.

The tonic water drinker should feel as "pepped up" as the liquid steam drinker is let down. Therefore to keep at one's highest state of efficiency it would seem only necessary to drink exclusively water melted from very old ice such as is to be found in glaciers and the polar ice caps. But science does not advise anyone to do that. Like most beautiful ideas for helping the human race there are strings tied to it.

One large and discouraging one which science already sees, is that tonic water might be a tonic not only to the human being who drinks it but quite as much to all the assorted hordes of microbes which infest his body. It may do so harm if some of these varieties multiply and become extra vigorous, but nobody wants to "pep up" such public enemies as the tuberculosis bacillus, the pneumococcus which seems to be always present or the pus-producing germs, drowsing in the appendix and the cavities of the skull.

As usual with scientific discoveries, this one promises to throw light along other paths. The most famous ale brewers in England moved at great expense to a new location where chemists and their apparatus were supplied was excellent, containing, like the old one, such insignificant traces of chemicals as could have no effect on their product. Nevertheless the new ales and beers were so inferior to the old that the brewery hurried back to the original supply. Nobody could account for it.

Certain springs have acquired a wide reputation for curative properties yet, when analyzed, they proved to be nothing but water, with traces of a few well-known chemicals of negligible medicinal value. So chemists were inclined to look upon these spring-water cures as largely imaginary. But under

the old error that all water is alike, they were not looking at the water itself, but the insignificant things that happened to have gotten into it. Also nobody thought to wonder what habits the water might have learned in caverns far down in the earth.

Several years ago astronomers began detecting unusual lines in the spectra of rainbow-like stripes of light produced when starlight from certain stars is allowed to shine through the instrument called a spectro-scope. That was one of the first clues to the different kinds of oxygen. Later it was proved chiefly by experimenters at the California Institute of Technology and at the University of California, that a few of the atoms of oxygen in any sample of this gas weigh 17 weight units, and that a somewhat larger fraction of them weigh 18 weight units, while the most plentiful kind of oxygen atom weighs only 16 weight units.

This provides the three possible kinds of oxygen; the most plentiful 16-unit kind, a very few of the 17-unit kind, and a few more of the 18-unit kind. It is as though the United States issued three kinds of dollars; the ordinary dollar worth 100 cents, another extremely rare kind of dollar worth about 105 cents, and a third slightly less rare kind worth about 112 cents.

The relations of the three kinds of hydrogens are similar. Ordinary hydrogen, which chemists once thought was the only kind, weighs one weight unit per atom. About three years ago Professor Harold G. Urey of Columbia University discovered another kind of hydrogen, each atom of which weighs two weight units instead of one. This is the so-called heavy hydrogen. Combined with oxygen it forms the usual kind of heavy water. Last year Professor Urey received the Nobel prize for this discovery, regarded as one of the most important discoveries of many years in the sciences of physics and chemistry.

Only a few months ago the third kind of heavy water was discovered by Lord Rutherford and his associates at Cambridge University, in England. This kind might be called the heaviest hydrogen, for it has a weight of three units per atom, as compared with the one unit of ordinary hydrogen or the two units of Professors Urey's heavy water.

Now it is possible to see why there are at least 17 kinds of heavy water. The eighteenth kind, or ordinary light water, is what chemists always have



Field Museum of Natural History

John D. Rockefeller, Who Has Just Attained His Ninety-sixth Birthday, and Whose Longevity Is Possibly Partly Due to the Kind of Water in His Tissues.

supposed all water was to be identical. It consists of two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen. The lightest kind of oxygen, each atom of which weighs 16 units, combined with the heaviest kind of oxygen, each atom of which weighs 18 units. The various possible combinations of each of the three kinds of hydrogen with each of the three kinds of oxygen make up the whole lot of 18 kinds. Although not all of these have been separated in pure form it is certain that they all exist in varying proportions in ordinary water.

The other kinds of water, raising the total number of kinds to 1329 or even more, depend on the existence of the two heavier and triplet waters. Professor Howard T. Barnes of McGill University in Montreal, who was one of the first to investigate these twin and triplet kinds of water, regarded the twin kind as true liquid water. The triplet one he called "liquid ice" and the simplest kind of water, consisting merely of H₂O, he named "liquid steam."

Dr. T. Cluniffe Barnes, son of Prof. Barnes of McGill and himself working at Yale University, has carried on a long series of experiments showing the effect of the liquid steam and the liquid ice varieties of water on various forms of life and believes that the triplet or

liquid ice form is a powerful stimulant on probably all living creatures.

One practical effect of this may be to explain the large numbers of tiny microscopic plants which biologists find in the sea water of Arctic and Antarctic regions. The ocean in these regions is almost ice cold. There is much less sunlight than in the warmer tropical seas. Yet myriads of the microscopic plants seem to prefer the colder Arctic waters and to thrive in them. Dr. Barnes believes that this may be because the growth of these plants is stimulated by the larger quantities of triplet water probably present in the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, because more of this triplet water is being supplied all the time by the melting of ice from icebergs.

The varied effects of the magic, twin and triplet waters may have had much to do, also, with the past evolution of life on earth. There have been ages in earth history when the air seems to have been warm and steamy, and other times when it has been cold and dry. The oceans and seas have had much to do, also, with the past evolution of life on earth. There have been ages in earth history when the air seems to have been warm and steamy, and other times when it has been cold and dry.

At other times the earth history there have been periods of glacial cold, when enormous amounts of ice accumulated on the continents and later melted. This glacial ice was melting, and enormous quantities of triplet water were being released. Dr. Barnes believes that this may be so powerful a stimulant for living creatures.

It also is true that at certain times in past earth history evolution seems to have moved with amazing speed. In the whole history of geology, time within short periods of evolution in other ages evolution seems almost to have stood still. Whether or not the lines of differing effects on living creatures by the single, the twin or the triplet water will explain some of these evolutionary changes, only the waters which scientists must study further, now that it is known that different kinds of water can exist at all.

Even the most unscientific person gets some idea of the importance of water in all directions. Last year the United States did not get enough rain and the farmer saw his fields tipped up and blown away by the wind. The year there was too much and so floods tore away bridges, buildings, concrete highways and a lot more soil.

Not only is the substance of the human body mostly water, but water is necessary to the eye to make seeing a possibility. It is needed in the ear to prevent deafness. It is needed in the joints to provide the fluid that keeps them lubricated. The brain floats in a watery solution and collapses and dies if this fluid is removed.

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Goodbye, Sweet Home, to the Setting For Assembling List of Accidents

Left Behind in Agonies Before Death in Desert

FRIDAY COVE, on the Charlotte County coast of New Brunswick, is a little fishing settlement. Out of here Herman Boothby and Lee Tarbox were fishing parties for years.

Last Spring they went out together as usual. In halting travel outside Campbell's Island, Tarbox lost his balance, as a heavy sea rolled their little boat, and pitched Tarbox overboard. Like a great majority of fishermen he could not swim. By the time Boothby could start up the motor and go to his assistance the swift tides of the Bay of Fundy, then strongly on the ebb, had carried him far away. Although Boothby spent several hours searching, there was no trace of his body.

Badly as Boothby felt, fishermen must fish or starve so after a few days he took on Charlie England, a young fellow from Deer Island, as his new partner and resumed operations. On their second day together almost precisely at the spot where poor Tarbox fell over, a white sea gull arose from the surface and boldly alighted on the stem of the small power craft. Having all the regard most fishermen have for birds of the sea, they did not move to frighten it away but instead tossed it bits from the fish they were cleaning.

Out to sea they headed where they had another trail set. On and on for fully three miles they chugged. The beautiful bird never tried to leave the boat but actually behaved as if they were enjoying its novel ride. It lifted its head and seemed to sniff in the tangy air of the Bay of Fundy. Neither was it disturbed when Boothby and England hauled trawl. When the small boat pointed homeward it still occupied its position on the stem.

During most of the trip, the presence of the bird aboard the boat did not particularly affect the two fishermen. In the first place they had been busy with their lines and operating the boat. They had heard the bird was strange that the gull did not stir. On the way back, they had more time to contemplate their winged visitor, and as the minutes passed, Boothby, who is not exactly a sensitive or sentimental man, began to experience odd sensations. The apparent friendliness of the creature began to affect him. Boothby dreamed eventually that he could not keep his eyes off the gull, and he found himself noting that the air was a bit chill, and that the bird's plumage seemed whiter than was natural. Boothby kept staring at it until the boat crossed the place where Tarbox had fallen to his death. Another creepy sensation registered itself on Boothby, and

JOHAN HOWARD PAYNE'S "Home, Sweet Home," is of course, one of the ballads that will never die, and particularly do those who appreciate the sentiment behind it, like the lines, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," and "peace of mind dearer than all." And as the song which was first made popular in "Clara, the Maid of Milan," an opera, implies, home normally should be the rostral haven of hard-working humans where all is pictured happy, serene and secure.

Unfortunately, this is not true, which is a fact that will probably surprise all those who agree with Mr. Payne's tender ballad. Home is not the safest of places; it is not fortified against mishaps and misadventures. As a matter of statistical record, home is really the place where accidents are most likely to and do occur. There may be reason for this, and one of them may be that most people are home most of the time, or at least during such time as they are off-guard.

There may be many other reasons, but what is sure is the fact remains that even though Home, Sweet Home, as a song, may inspire confidence in safety, its confidence is sadly misplaced.

Mr. Howard Whipple Green, who has been in Cleveland, from fact set out to prove this interesting and disquieting state of affairs in a book, "The Cleveland, Ohio, Health Council, which is now being published. Mr. Green is director of statistics and health in the city of Cleveland. He is also interested in making the home one of the healthiest of places for its occupants.

Mr. Green is at a lot of trouble researching into the causes of accidents, and the data which encourage accidents, and completing a general survey. Mr. Green published a report. It was called: "How Safe Is Home?"

In the report you may read such surprising statements as these:

"Many fatal accidents occur in the home. People are burned to death, they fall, are asphyxiated, suffocated, poisoned, strangled, shot, run over or crushed by automobiles, electrocuted and even drowned at home."

In the five-year period from 1929 to 1934, Mr. Green found that 1,094 persons died in Cleveland from fatal accidents right at home. After comparing this number with the 1,485 deaths from automobile accidents in Cleveland streets during the same period he says:

"Perhaps it is nearly as safe to brave the buzzing highways as to stay peacefully at home."

The report lists some odd accidents. One man was strangled while eating peanuts in bed. Another, carrying a gallon jug of whiskey, fell against the stove, breaking the jug and spilling the whiskey, which caught fire, causing him to be burned to death. Putting feet into the oven to get them warm, one person fainted and died of a fatal burn. A baseball, crashing through a window pane, sent a fragment of glass into the eye of a two-year-old child, causing injuries that resulted in death.

A baby was smothered to death in bed between its father and mother. A man with a buzz saw attached to his automobile in his garage bent over to make an adjustment and sliced off the top of his head. While eating an apple, one child was strangled, and another while eating cereal. One baby was strangled when another bit his finger off its feet against her throat.

Fifty-two per cent of the accidents listed by Mr. Green were caused by falls, 24 per cent by burns, 11 per cent by carbon monoxide, 5 per cent by poisoning, and 2 per cent by suffocation.

He found that people over 75 are in greater danger of being killed by falls, while children under 15 are in greater danger of being killed by burns.

The older people killed by falls either tripped from porches, slipped from windows, slid from chairs, tripped on rugs, stumbled against furniture, or plunged down stairs. A number of children were killed by falls from beds, high chairs or swings. Most of the people killed by falls in bath tubs were in middle age.

A number of small children were fatally scalded when they pulled pans, kettles, pots or dishes of searing water, soup or coffee from stoves or tables and others when they fell into tubs, buckets or other containers of boiling water. Three were killed when bed clothing became ignited from vapor lamps during illness. Twice as many girls as boys were burned to death while playing with matches.

A man of 61 lighted a cigarette while reading a newspaper, which caught fire, burning him to death. Two women, putting a dress over a fruit, received fatal burns from hot paraffin.

A child, playing after eating, blew torches, hot-water heaters, stoves and furnaces, caused a number of deaths. Twelve persons, out of 15, who were young, were burned to death while cleaning a floor with benzine or gasoline. In proximity to electric stoves, gas heaters or lamps, a person of 61 died from burns received from a heating pad, and an 86, from a sun lamp.

The largest number of deaths from carbon monoxide was due to coal ranges, gas stoves, oil heaters or heat pumps. Other carbon monoxide deaths were due to exhaust from automobile engines left running in closed garages.

A number of children died after eating tainted food, or drinking kerosene, camphor, or metal polish. A child of one ate 25 capsules tablets. Several adults mistook bicolors of mercury tablets for aspirin, or disinfectant for cough medicine.

Trimming a corn, a man cut his toe, causing a fatal infection. Another mangled his finger with a hammer, failed to apply an antiseptic, and died of blood poisoning. Death from a failure to attend to minor injuries also came to a woman who scratched her arm on a basket, and another who cut her hand while beating carpets. Several children were crushed under automobiles being backed from garages. A boy was electrocuted by an electric heater while he was bathing. A man received a fatal injury while fixing wires without cutting off the current, another while disconnecting an extension, and a woman while using a faulty electric iron.

The accidental discharge of guns, as always, caused a number of deaths. Those who were drowned in bath tubs were either very young or past 50.

In proof of the fact that the high percentage of home accidents in Cleveland is not exceptional, Mr. Green points out that during the past year, of 4,577 fatal accidents in New York State, 34 per cent were home accidents, as compared to 38 per cent automobile accidents.

Automobile accidents in recent years have been consistently reducing the actual number of deaths of various individuals and groups interested in public safety, and Mr. Green believes that through the proper educational means, the number of home accidents can be reduced.

"A large proportion of all fatal home accidents can be prevented," he says. "Education directed to the proper age-groups should result in saving many lives."

WHAT are the sensations of human beings marooned on a desert, facing certain doom? What is it like to be dying of thirst and hunger in the Sahara, for instance, tortured by scorching sunbeams, and realizing that there is no faint hope of rescue? What emotions follow the sudden resurrection of hope when the sea appears to be ahead, or perhaps a caravan, only to turn out to be a mocking, torturing mirage—an illusion?

Those experiences up to now, it is probable, have never been told in detail, because those who died had no opportunity to tell. At last, however, such a record exists. Mrs. Erle Knight, a twenty-five-year-old Englishwoman, and Robert Peyton, an English resident of Switzerland, have answered the foregoing question in remarkable diaries that were found not long ago near their bodies in the dreary South Sahara.

"Before our tortured eyes loomed the tempting vision of a beautiful oasis, with all its suggestion of freshness and cooling draughts," Mrs. Knight wrote. "At first we were struck and set out to follow it, only to discover that it was a mirage, which receded as we marched."

In the last entry she wrote:

"My brain is boiling. My reason is almost gone. I pray for death."

Peyton wrote in his diary that soon after Mrs. Knight had written her last entry madness overtook her.

"In her frenzied state," he wrote, "she tore out her hair by the roots and started to cut her wrist with a penknife." Mrs. Knight had gone to Agades, to visit the grave of her husband who was killed in an airplane crash near that desert town earlier in the year. On the return trip, her fellow passengers in the automobile stage that set out from Agades for Nigeria were Peyton and two young French business men, M. Huebert and M. Chauveron.

The automobile was specially built for crossing the desert. So the travelers had no reason to anticipate disaster. But the unforeseen happened. Apparently, just as the car was leaving the streets of Agades for the lonely trek across the desert, a pebble—whipped up by one of the wheels—struck the gasoline tank, cutting a tiny hole in it.

As the automobile pushed on through a wilderness of dunes, the pressure gasoline dripped into the dry sand—as if it were life blood escaping from a mortal wound. Unaware of this calamity, the four passengers chatted. The heat was intense—but it was bearable, so long as the car



One of the Boys Fired. The Gull Fell With a Broken Wing. At That Instant Boothby Felt a Sharp Pain in His Arm. Although He Had Not Been Hit, a Doctor Found That His Arm Was Fractured.

he seemed impelled to shout, but before he could do so, the gull squawked raucously, flapped its wings several times, and then with a nerve-shattering cry, rose into the air and soared away gracefully. The two men in the boat sat spellbound, staring after the creature until it had vanished. Boothby at last found his voice.

"Somehow," he continued to his companion, "somehow, I can't help wondering if you don't something. I keep thinking of Lee Tarbox. Of his spirit, and that bird. Could it be that Lee's spirit came back in the bird? Then Boothby felt foolish for entertaining the thought.

England said: "They say the souls of all fishermen and sailors who die at sea are immediately transferred to some bird."

After that, neither Boothby nor England said a word until they got home.

Next day at exactly the same spot was their gull. With an evident glad cry he flew to the stem. All that morning as the fishermen hauled their trawl he stalked to the ship so to speak, not leaving until they had returned to the fatal spot where Tarbox had gone to his death. And for days this kept up.

One morning late in the season as they neared where they generally picked up their bird passenger they ran alongside another craft. In it were two young fellows from Eastport cruising around for fun. They had a small 25-caliber target rifle, and were aiming themselves taking wing shots at the sea gulls.

Before Boothby could reconnoiter and stop the boys, one of them fired at a beautiful gull resting on the water. It fluttered about helplessly apparently with a broken wing. Now comes the strange part of the story. At the very instant the shot was fired and the bird was hit, Boothby felt a sharp pain run through his left arm. He found he could not raise it.

Then the two men sailed over to the seagull and picked it up. Sure enough one of its wings was broken. So, too, was Boothby's arm. The shot had hit the bird and the rifle had not even been aimed in his direction. "Something was amiss and they ran across to Eastport where Boothby consulted a doctor. The physician announced that a small bone in Boothby's left forearm had been fractured.

They took the wounded sea gull home and Boothby cared for it tenderly. Again a strange thing. The progress of recovery in the gull and in Boothby was precisely the same. When finally the broken wing had knit and the bird could fly again then and not until then had the pain gone from Boothby's arm.

Birds of the sea have been associated for centuries with superstitions. Such adventures as Boothby's have been the inspiration for many legends, stories and strange fables that have prevailed for many years. Birds like the raven, the gull and the albatross particularly seem to intrigue the literary who specialize in stories of horror, the occult and strange adventures.

Sends Bride A Buttonhole As A Present

THERE was a tense silence in the magistrate's court at Hampton, England. The room was fairly well crowded, but there was not a sound as the presiding official eyed the woman on the stand. She had made her statement a moment before. That's what had caused the giggling.

The magistrate waited as she slowly extended the fingers of her right hand. The spectators leaned forward as if to catch every word.

The pretty witness wavered her lips as if she had difficulty in making the reply, and then she blurted: "A buttonhole, your honor."

The witness was Mrs. Violet May Weston, as all the town knew. She had only recently got her name into the newspapers as a result of a disgraceful divorce at her sister's wedding. It was a sort of town scandal.

The magistrate eyed her sharply, and repeated: "A buttonhole, you say?"

"That was the reply," a buttonhole.

The magistrate's brows knitted together in a frown and he leaned forward.

"What kind of a buttonhole?" he asked in a kindly voice. "Just an ordinary buttonhole, your honor, one that she had cut from some old rag of a garment. She sent it to me."

"Why, Madam, should your sister send you a buttonhole?"

"I was just married, your honor. My sister sent me the buttonhole as a wedding present."

"Was there any special significance? It does not appear that a buttonhole is exactly a suitable wedding present."

"When was this, Madam?"

"Nine years ago."

your sister sent you a buttonhole for a wedding present nine years ago, you felt impelled to go to the church where she was being married and shout 'Cheap buttonhole giver and worse epithets? Your disgraceful shouting and general conduct would have prevented the wedding if my sister hadn't insisted me and she had been in the church.

"I couldn't help it, your honor. It is quite a long story. When I expected to be married my sister walked off with the man I was engaged to—she didn't marry him. I was heartbroken. I did get married the next day, but my sister hadn't insisted me and she had been in the church.

"Then this is a matter of a sister's quarrel?"

"Yes, your honor. I thought to myself that a woman's place is in her wedding gown. The only day that I was in my sister's wedding gown was when she was married. I never would have done this, but I never did forget it, and when it came her wedding day I just had to get square."

"Do you propose to perpetrate any further annoyances on your sister, Madam?"

"Oh, no, your honor. I feel that we are quite—it am even with her now—I think nine years long for the sake of peace and I'll say that everyone who was in the church knows how I would anyone, sister or stranger, who sends a bride a buttonhole for a wedding present."

"I may send my sister that old buttonhole she sent me, just for a wedding gift, but I shall do nothing more. Court was dismissed. The magistrate hurried out to his private chambers to write a note to his wife.

His dignity would not permit him to laugh in court.

Mrs. Knight and Peyton, Their Diaries Showed, Lost Their Course by Trying to Find an Oasis That Kept Receding. It Was a Mirage, as They Discovered Before Going Mad.

was in motion. From time to time, they all drank freely from water bottles, with no thought of conserving the supply. They expected to be in Tamassrast by nightfall. But early in the afternoon, the hottest time of the day, the engine spluttered, coughed and stopped. It did not take the driver long to discover the trouble, and when he announced it, everyone thought: how long will the water last? An examination of the bottles showed that even if portioned out in sips of water would last only 24 hours.

No other stage was due over that route. In either direction, for a week. The chances of someone coming along in a private car were remote. So Peyton volunteered to set out on foot for Tamassrast, to bring back aid—and Mrs. Knight insisted upon going with him. The scanty water supply was divided—and with their share, Peyton and Mrs. Knight started trudging over the burning sand, under the blazing sun. Not long after they had lost sight of the automobile they saw ahead of them what appeared to be an oasis—shimmering just above the horizon, the shadowy outline of promising palms, bordering a pool of water. Completely fooled by the vision, they pushed on hopefully for an hour or more, before they realized that it was continually receding, and was—in fact—only a mirage, a reflection in the mirage-like sky of some oasis that was far beyond them, perhaps a hundred miles or so.

That night, in writing of their disappointment, Mrs. Knight said:

"Our effort to catch up with the mirage only increased our suffering by adding to our thirst and weariness."

They were afraid to keep traveling through the night, for neither knew enough about the stars to be sure of directions—but after the sun went down a sudden chill swept over the desert, and it was far too cold for them to refresh themselves with sleep. Already off their course from following the mirage, when the sun came up they tried as best they could to figure out where Tamassrast ought to be, and not out for it. Their water supply was gone before noon. An hour or so later, Mrs. Knight wrote:

"Our sufferings are intensified manifold by the mockery of the mirages around us."

The following day, when the sun was at its height, she made the last entry in her diary, beginning it:

"Parched with thirst and weak with hunger, I feel madness coming to me."

Shortly after that, she died—and when the end came she was out of her head entirely, as she written on the sand, gasping for breath. An hour or so later, Mrs. Knight wrote:

"She's gone, and I will soon follow her. Already I've suffered a sun-stroke, and my mind is slipping."

Eventually, authorities at Tamassrast began to wonder why the stage had not arrived on schedule, and sent out a searching party, which found it four days after it had been stranded. Those who had been with it in the desert, and some time later, had recovered the bodies of Mrs. Knight and Peyton, with the diaries nearby.

Romances and Tragedies of the Broadcasters

All the Traditional Good and Bad Luck
of the Stage, Screen and Opera

Catching
Up With
the Radio
Stars You
Hear Every
Night But
Seldom See



Donald Novis, Well-known Radio Tenor, With His Wife, Julietta Burnett, When He Was Not Thinking of Divorce.

WHEN they say good-night to their unseen audience, radio stars seem lately to have been stepping back into private lives, quite as lively with romance and tragedy as anything they are paid to put on the air.

Many of the artists turn from the microphone to eloquent, divorce courts or even certain forms of outlawry. Yet never do their voices betray the startling things that have just happened or are just going to happen to them.

If his wife had not told about it in court the other day, none of Donald Novis' thousands of admirers would have suspected when he sang to them over one of the big national networks on February 27th, his domestic and love-life had been shaken up the night before. As usual, many women wondered if he had a wife and if she appreciated her golden-voiced husband.

The answer was yes, he had a wife, Mrs. Julietta Burnett Novis, but on the previous evening it seems that he did not go from the studio to Julietta. But if he had forgotten his wife, she had not forgotten him and they met after all.

Accompanied by two detectives and two friends, she went to a certain floor of a New York hotel where the detectives pointed to a door from whose knob hung a sign, "DON'T DISTURB." Mrs. Novis disregarded the sign, and according to the testimony, the raiding party forced its way into the room to find the golden-voiced singer with a girl from the Golden West, Miss Thelma Lockhart, who must have been at least a good girl to look at, because even Mrs. Novis admits she was shapely.

It was said that she had pursued Donald, that he had resisted her, that at Washington, D. C., he had forbidden her to see him again and paid her \$2,000 to leave him alone. But the court granted Julietta the divorce, with \$15,750 weekly alimony. Even that does not make his voice crack.

Henry Taylor, radio comic, has to be just as comic on the air as he was before Vera Groves, pretty Broadway show girl, induced a gallant jury to fatten a \$25,000 breach-of-promise suit on him just before that line of suits was outlawed in New York State. Mr. Taylor is trying to have the verdict set aside on various theories, one being that the jury happened to be millionaires who did not realize how hard it is to earn all that money these days.

Lee Sims and Housay Bailey have radio's unique marital record. As man and wife, they are famous for their songs and vocal work, respectively. And they have just decided that concert is the place for Miss Bailey, and Lee Sims will take another professional partner to permit her to "get her big break." How they were married back in radio's early days, and how they acquired two faithful managers, is one of the domestic epics of broadcasting. Sims was a pianist in a



Harriette Carr, Singer, Who Has Filed a \$25,000 Heart-Balm Suit Against Jerry Mann, Radio Star.

small town movie, and once, while about to enter the theatre, knocked down a customer who was impolite to the girl in the box office. Sims and the girl married as a result of this romantic contact, but both lost their jobs, and Sims took to composing songs at home. Mrs. Sims couldn't stand the monotony of the awful noise, so they separated, and Sims went to Chicago, where he opened a training school for singers. Every week his wife would stop by for her allowance.

At the same time Housay Bailey was in a music school in New York, and when she was graduated she went home to a Middle-West town, intending to rest before beginning her career. Instead, she married her old boy friend who was wealthy. But like Mrs. Sims, Housay's husband was no artist, and couldn't stand constant rehearsals and stage temperament. So Housay took a leave of absence to appear with Paul Ash in Chicago. But she needed coaching, and went to the Lee Sims school. Sims and Bailey fell in love, her husband came to Chicago to applaud. In the theatre lobby he met Sims, Mrs. Sims and Housay. As fate or something would have it, Mrs. Sims and Miss Bailey's husband fell for each other. In a few weeks, by unanimous consent, divorcees were arranged, and the two artists, Sims and Bailey, were married, as were the two non-professionals. The ex-Mrs. Sims and the ex-husband of Miss Bailey thereupon became managers for the piano and singing team.

Radio stars must carry on, regardless of broken pocketbooks or broken hearts. There was the popular trio of harmonizers, known as "Babe and Her Brothers." The "brothers" happened to be Charles Ryan and his brother, Little Ryan, no relation to Babe except that she was married to Charles. This was of no importance until about two months ago when she informed that gentleman that she no longer loved him and wanted a divorce. Babe also

Just Like the Movie Hero or the Actor, Buddy Clark, Well-known Boston Crooner, Elopied With an Heiress, and Is Shown Here With His Bride, Louise Hitt, Daughter of Ralph Hitt, Rich Owner of a Chain of Hotels.



The Former Mrs. Ted Husing, Who Divorced the Well-known Sports Broadcaster and Married Lenzie Hayton, Popular Radio Orchestra Leader.

divorced herself from the trio and that was serious because the Ryans soon found they needed Babe and Babe found she needed them to make big money. So she hurriedly rejoined the act and is again a "sister" to her ex-husband.

Radio fans hear so many blood-and-thunder sketches that these playlets have to be pretty good to satisfy. When the other day the real thing came to them over the air it was not good enough. Most of them called it a "bum amateur job" and tuned out. Way down on the short wave-lengths people around Chicago heard a man's voice, WBSZ, call RJ3P, and for a moment talk about the weather. Then one of them said:

"Wait a moment, there's somebody at the door."

This was followed by a pause and then a new and harsh voice snarled: "Put up your hands, give us your money and your gold!"

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" replied one of the original voices. This was followed by scuffling sounds, not very well done, the listeners thought. Then came that harsh voice again:

"Lock him in that closet."

"What if he creaks in there?" asked a fourth and husky voice.

"Let him creak," answered Harsh Voice. "Look for his gold and let's get out of here."

After this came vague sounds like static and a tedious wait, broken only



Vera Groves, Pretty New York Showgirl, Won a \$25,000 Breach-of-Promise Case Against Henry Taylor, Radio Comic, but Henry Has to Go Right On Being Funny on the Air.

nie Hayton, orchestra leader, he might have been pardoned for losing his voice entirely, but he didn't even spit an infinitive.

Troopers of the air frequently find themselves on the fringes of crime for no preconceived reason, as did attractive Grace Mitchell, radio musician of Pittsburgh, Ohio, when she had the misfortune to fascinate Russell Swiger, a 21-year-old youth whose lawyer later described him as a "mental cripple and dumbbell." Russell became infatuated at first sight and after paying ardent attention to the entertainer for a week, proposed marriage.

By this time the young lady had sized the young man up and said that the idea was impossible. Swiger

wanted to know if it was because he hadn't any money, and Miss Mitchell, thinking it perhaps a tactful explanation as any, said yes. So Swiger went right after it in the only way he could think of—robbery. At his first attempt he collected \$12 from a gas filling station, but killed the attendant, Harold Fleming, 18, for which he was convicted and sentenced to death.

That same idea of singing to the unseen audience and then going out and robbing a few of them, was tried by Wilbur (Whi) Scott while he was a member of one of the successful radio quartets. Whi seems to have done pretty well on both lines, until one night in Delaware, Ohio, while en route home, he woke up a 78-year-old man, named Wilson, and put him to sleep again by hitting him on the head with a window-weight. Whi bit too hard and killed him, also making the mistake of leaving finger-prints on that job.

Knowing that now, if he was ever caught on one of his robberies, he would surely have that murder pinned on him, Whi had the good sense to quit, but in Marion, Ohio, he was picked up as a "peeping Tom," the thing he dreaded happened again, resulting in a confession of the Delaware killing. At Station WOR recently there was a household hour in which successful housewives were invited to tell womanhood the secrets of how to manage husband and home. One very success-

ful wife explained that before marriage she had taken over a boarding house and made it pay by tackling the men boarders on pay night, making them pay up while they still had it.

Later, when she married, this worthy lady applied the same idea to her husband, making him pay her for his meals a week in advance. This policy, she assured her hearers, had been beautifully successful. He not only ate out of her hand but, what was even better, paid it.

Alas, this perfectly tamed and domesticated husband, had heard about himself from his own radio at home. Arriving at the studio, while with rage, he knocked over mikes and chairs to drag away his astonished wife, vowing that he would make her cook a dinner for him free and like it—or else! Some husbands evidently do not like to hear their wives praise them on the radio.

Sometimes romances and the troubles that follow begin right in the studios. Harriette Carr, brunette soprano, told a Philadelphia court that she had fallen in love with Jerry Mann, impersonator, while both were working before the microphone of WMCA. In Boston, on repeat night, she had imprudently yielded to his advances, reinforced by an irresistible racoon coat, before Jerry got around to making good his alleged promise to marry her.

Later, when she whispered a secret in his ear, she says he impersonated the harlot-arted betrayer, saying that he couldn't marry because he had a mother to support. Harriette asked the court to make him pay her \$25,000 heart-balm, or else marry her and give a name to her baby, less than a year old. Her mother, Mrs. Selma Anisoff, also wants \$5,000 for rearing the baby and loss of her daughter's services.

One of the most recent radio romances was the elopement and marriage of "Buddy" Clark, a crooner, and 19-year-old Louise Hitt, daughter of Ralph Hitt, wealthy owner of a chain of hotels.

The couple eloped from Boston, were married in New York and hastened back to Boston so that the crooning bridegroom could make his regular scheduled appearance before the microphone. This radio romance, say the bride's involved, is one that is not going to be wrecked, microphone or no microphone, temperamental or no temperamental.

Where "Alice in Wonderland" Came From

Comparisons of an Earlier French Artist's Fanciful Pictures, With Lewis Carroll's Immortal Book and Tenniel's Original Drawings, Show Surprising Similarities in Characters and Illustrations



The French Artist Grandville's Rabbit.

IT WILL probably come as a surprise to most admirers of "Alice in Wonderland" that both Lewis Carroll, the author, and Sir John Tenniel, the illustrator, were apparently influenced in their conception of the characters by the animal drawings of Grandville, a French artist.

After making a study of this subject, Mlle. M. Mespoulet—an assistant French teacher at Barnard College, New York City—has just written a book in which she points out that both Carroll and Tenniel borrowed freely from the French artist, whose work was well known in England at the time Alice was created.

Some of the Tenniel illustrations and Grandville drawings—which Mlle. Mespoulet uses in her book, to support her theory—are shown on this page, side by side, and as anyone can see there is certainly a striking similarity between them. For instance, the face in Grandville's drawing of a live flower—which is reproduced next to Tenniel's illustration of the Mad Tea Party—bears a close resemblance to the features of the Mad Hatter. Also Tenniel's frog footman and Grandville's frog in livery, when presented next to each other as they are here, look enough alike to be brothers.

Readers of "Alice in Wonderland" will recall that it was the White Rabbit who started the underground adventures, when he suddenly appeared dressed as a gentleman, anxiously looked at his watch and dived into a hole, with Alice dashing after him—to find out what it was all about.

But from Mlle. Mespoulet's book, it now seems that the idea of having a White Rabbit in clothes, did not occur to Lewis Carroll out of a clear sky, as has been the common impression,

but was suggested to him by a Grandville drawing of a rabbit—intended to represent a clerk in long-tailed coat and high stock, fumbling for something in his waistcoat pocket. This supposition appears reasonable enough after a comparison of the accompanying pictures of the Carroll-Tenniel rabbit and the Grandville bunny.

Mlle. Mespoulet writes that long before Alice was invented, many nurseries in England were decorated with Grandville's animal drawings. She is convinced that Lewis Carroll must have been impressed by these drawings, and believes that when he began creating Alice's adventures, his memory went back to them and he borrowed some of the queer characters to people "Wonderland."

The history of how "Alice in Wonderland" happened to be written has been told a number of times, and is always interesting. For some years during the latter part of the past century, the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was a don, or instructor, at Oxford University. His chief interest was in higher mathematics, but for relaxation from the strain of his studies and his duties as a teacher, he amused the small daughters of his friends by making up for them the story of Alice's adventures. At that time it did not occur to him, and certainly not to the small members of his audience, that he was creating a classic that would become one of the greatest of all childhood favorites.

While rowing on the river with the children, or seated with them in his garden or drawing-room, he improvised the story of Alice, and chapter by chapter, he told of the queer things that happened to her under ground. Later he put the story down on paper,

and decided to make a book out of it, so other children—and, as happened, a great number of grownups—also could enjoy it too.

Wishing to have the book published under a pen name, he chose Lewis Carroll. As a result of one of those curious twists of fate that so often overtake a creative genius, he has gone down in history not by his real name and not so much as a noted mathematician, but as Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass"—which was a sequel to Alice's earlier adventures.

But as Alice herself said, "What is the use of a book without pictures?"

Since Alice felt that way, it is natural that the man who made up the story about Alice should feel the same. So when Dodgson set out to put Alice into a book he had to have pictures—for a book without pictures is worse than no book at all. As he wrote the manuscript, he decorated it with pencil sketches of Alice and the odd creatures which Mlle. Mespoulet now shows he had borrowed from Grandville's drawings.

Then he showed the manuscript to Sir John Tenniel, one of the best known English illustrators of that period, and asked him to make the draw-



Tenniel's Picture of the Mad Hatter and, At Left, Grandville's High-Hatted Flower.

"Punch" and other British publications. She explains that Tenniel, who was one of the best known contributors to "Punch" in that day, preferred to draw from memory, rather than from living models.

As an admirer of Grandville, who was gifted to an exceptional degree, not only for his fantasy but for his skillful drawing, Tenniel naturally recalled memories of the Frenchman's work when he set out to illustrate "Alice in Wonderland." It is even possible he may have done more, and, thinking through the files of "Punch," examined some of Grandville's pictures when seeking a characteristic detail, some oddity of feature, figure or dress, for the creatures in Carroll's story.

Grandville died in 1847. In her book, Mlle. Mespoulet reproduces a picture of some of the tall, thin, people that Grandville was so fond of drawing, and she believes that this picture may have inspired Carroll into devising the episode where Alice grows tall and thin when she follows instructions and eats a bit of cake labeled "Eat Me." At any rate, she feels certain that Tenniel had this Grandville picture in mind when he drew his illustration of Alice in her long-necked predicament.

Grandville, Mlle. Mespoulet recalls, was not the real name of the artist whose work evidently inspired Tenniel and Carroll, but merely the name with which he signed his drawings. His real name was Jean Ignace Isidore Gerard, and his father, a miniaturist in Nancy, had tried to train the son to paint miniatures also.

Young Gerard, however, had a talent and an originality that could not be hampered by teachers. So while he was earning his living making designs for theatrical costumes and tailors' plates, he studied to become a caricaturist. His work attracted so much attention in France that instead of being called upon to illustrate stories by well known writers the process was reversed, and some of the great authors of the period asked for the privilege of writing serials to go with his pictures. Balzac, George Sand and Novalis, for instance, contributed stories to be included with his drawings in his "Private and Public Life of Animals."

These stories were translated in various languages, and with Grandville's drawings, published through Europe and England. During her study of the influence of Grandville upon Tenniel and Carroll, Mlle. Mespoulet found that one of his drawings appeared in England as early as 1830, and many subsequent editions were sold in London. She also discovered that in 1841, "Punch" printed a picture showing Highland music with killed Scots for notes, which was an obvious imitation of a Grandville drawing of animated musical bars that appeared in a French magazine, "Féttesque," in 1840.

No one could say, for instance, that the Tenniel illustration of the Ugly Duchess—who is shown below, holding a squalling baby, while the evil-tempered cook puts too much pepper in the soup, the Cheshire cat grins, and Alice anxiously looks on—was cribbed from the Grandville drawing which is next to it. But it does seem likely that Grandville's fretful domestic scene—in which a lizard nurse in a very tall, frilled cap is giving a baby bath in its bottle, at the same time threatening to punish a bird in a cradle, while in the background a mouse-faced nurse is struggling with another fledgling—had an influence upon Tenniel when he drew the Ugly Duchess picture.

Also, the Dodo who is giving Alice the thimble—in the Tenniel drawing at the bottom of this page—seems to be an adaptation of "The Reverend Father Cormorant in the adjacent Grandville picture of the bird wedding. Mlle. Mespoulet says that many of Grandville's drawings had been printed in "Punch," the English comic magazine, and that various English artists had imitated these drawings, both for

And the Frog Footman of the First Alice in Wonderland.

ideas into new and original channels. No one could say, for instance, that the Tenniel illustration of the Ugly Duchess—who is shown below, holding a squalling baby, while the evil-tempered cook puts too much pepper in the soup, the Cheshire cat grins, and Alice anxiously looks on—was cribbed from the Grandville drawing which is next to it. But it does seem likely that Grandville's fretful domestic scene—in which a lizard nurse in a very tall, frilled cap is giving a baby bath in its bottle, at the same time threatening to punish a bird in a cradle, while in the background a mouse-faced nurse is struggling with another fledgling—had an influence upon Tenniel when he drew the Ugly Duchess picture.

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characters. But, says Mlle. Mespoulet, Tenniel was even more familiar with Grandville's work than Carroll was, and she is certain that he got his inspiration from the French artist.

She says, however, that Tenniel's "adaptation and transformation" of his predecessor's animals was in itself a remarkable piece of creative work. She points out that most of the characters in Tenniel's illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland" are to be found among the favorite heroes of Grandville—rabbits, frogs, mice, insects, birds, and even playing cards come to life. But she does not apply the ugly word "plagiarism" to Tenniel's use of Grandville's drawings as his models. Instead, she commends Tenniel for developing and extending Grandville's



The Duchess Feeding the Ill-Tempered Baby While Alice Look On.



The French Artist's Picture of the Lizard Nurse and Baby.



Alice and the Dodo, by Tenniel.



The Rev. Father Cormorant, by Grandville.

Held Her Father's Head Under Water Till He Drowned

Driven to Desperation by His Cruelty, His Daughter Frieda Sets a Death Trap for Him, and When Her Lover's

Bullets Fail to Kill, Cries "He's Still Alive, But I'll Fix That" and Finishes the Job—But a Sympathetic Jury Lets Her Go Although It Sends Her Sweetheart to Prison

Fraulein Frieda Mikesch, the Abused Daughter,

VIENNA, Aug. 20. **S**UDDENLY stepping from behind a tree on a desolate island of the upper Danube, a man emptied his revolver into Franz Mikesch, a school teacher of Linz.

Mortally wounded, the teacher pitched down a bank and lay beside the water. Fraulein Frieda Mikesch, pretty, blond, and twenty years old, hopped nimbly down the bank to her stricken father's side.

His dying eyes rolled up to her as he gasped: "It was Deinhammer!"

His daughter's reply must have astonished him as much as that unexpected blast of bullets. Turning her face away from her parent, she addressed her lover, Richard Deinhammer, who stood, smoking pistol in hand, at the top of the bank.

"He is still alive, but I'll fix that," So saying, she twisted her father's head around and held his face under water until he drowned.

The daughter had "put her father on the spot," as they say in America, her lover had riddled him with bullets, but it was she herself who buried him into the next world.

It was a deliberate and carefully planned murder, but the other day Judge D. Mittermayer, of Linz, directed the jury to acquit the girl, and when they had convicted the lover, sentenced him to only three years at hard labor.

Richard Deinhammer's lawyer appealed the verdict and sentence on the ground that if Frieda was justified in killing her parent, he was justified in helping her. The prosecuting attorney has appealed both cases on the ground that both are guilty of premeditated murder and should receive at least a substantial prison sentence. On the other hand, a huge petition is being signed asking the President of the Austrian Republic to pardon the young man.

There was not much dispute about the facts, because both Frieda and Richard confessed that they had plotted the killing for a long time. First she had planned to poison her father, but there was the chance that the doctor might get there in time to save him, so she decided a revolver would be more certain. After practicing with the gun, it was feared that her hand might tremble so the job was given to her 27-year-old lover.

The reason the judge showed much leniency was an overwhelming mass of evidence that the dead man, 48 years old, had been an unfeeling brute, described as a pathological drunkard who had terrorized and abused his child, causing her to run away several times and once to throw herself into the Danube. Each time she was brought back to her dreadful home until assassination seemed the only escape.

On the morning of the killing, the girl smiled at her father for the first time he could remember since she was 13 years old. The cruel man was surprised and pleased. By sheer terror he had thus far prevented Frieda from complaining to the authorities. But she was 20 years old now, and sometimes when she threatened to tell of his brutalities he had worried that she might have the courage to do it. He had heard that if a man was ruthless enough, a woman would kiss the hand that struck her. The strange smile must indicate that it was working that way at last in her case.

If she was minded to forgive and condone his cruelty to her, it would be much better, for he would no longer need to worry. So the father put on what was meant to be an indulgent, fatherly smile and asked what she was thinking about. She replied:

"I was thinking that you and I never go anywhere together just for fun, like other fathers and daughters."

"You never ask me," answered Mikesch not quite so cordially, perhaps fearing that she was leading him into an expensive trip to Vienna.

"Yes," she agreed, "but I am asking you now. Won't you go on a picnic just us two, to that island up the river where you took us when I was only six years old?"

"When do you want to go, Sunday?" the father asked, evidently willing.

"Not Sunday," the girl objected. "Everybody is out Sundays and there might be lots of others on the island. Why not go today? It is Friday and we will have it all to ourselves. I want to talk to you. We can't go on hating each other like this."

"I have never hated you, Frieda. There is never trouble when you are obedient and friendly. Yes, we will go today."

The invalid wife looked curiously at him and her daughter. She could not understand this picnic, nor her husband nor her child. Once the husband had been taken to an insane asylum, but he had soon been released and the authorities permitted him to resume teaching boys 10 to 14 years old, so presumably he must be sane. She could never tell whether he loved or hated his daughter, but had always

been sure that Frieda hated her father. The girl must have something in mind—perhaps she was planning to ask her father's consent to marry that very serious young Richard Deinhammer. Mikesch and Deinhammer had spoken quietly enough to each other, the few times they had met. But the other day when they were conversing, the mother had been in a position to see the young man's hands clenched behind his back, so hard that the nails made marks in his palms.

While Franz leisurely put on his bicycling suit, Frieda scurried around preparing a lunch which involved buying something at the corner grocery outside of which waited Richard Deinhammer. A few words passed between the two, then the young man got on his bicycle and pedaled rapidly out of the city of Linz, which is the head of navigation on the Danube, and along the river road, upstream.

A little later, at a slower pace, Franz Mikesch and his daughter followed, also on bicycles. In Austria, as in Hungary and Germany, automobiles outside the cities are rather a rare sight.

Nearly an hour the school teacher and his daughter rode along the bank before they came in sight of a rugged island, mostly rocks and scrubby trees. "Somebody is there ahead of us," observed Franz. The girl's wheel wobbled as she answered:

"Where? Where do you see him?"

"I don't see anyone," the father explained, "but I just caught a flash from that thicket on the far side of the island."

"It might be a wet rock," hastily suggested Frieda.

The pair turned their bicycles over to a sleepy old man, who rented them a rowboat and mentioned that they



A Scene on the River Danube Near the Island Where the Father Was Killed by His Daughter and Her Sweetheart.



The Suburb of the Austrian City of Linz Where the Mikesch Family Lived. Their Home Is the House at the Lower Right Hand Corner of the Photograph.



Richard Deinhammer, Who Shot His Sweetheart's Father and Was Sentenced to Jail Although She Was Set Free.

were his second customers, which was good for Friday morning.

Mikesch rowed his daughter across the placid river and landed, not where he would have preferred, but at a spot much further away, which she insisted would be "viol boner." Why it was so much "boner," he did not ask. Perhaps he was pleased to think that his daughter, like her mother and probably most women, had little sense or courage. If they had, things would have gone hard with him, long ago.

Carefully they pulled the boat up and again Frieda took charge, insisting that they must picnic where she remembered there was a certain tree. Sure enough the tree was there, even if her father did not remember it. Franz set down the lunch basket and asked:

"Now, Frieda, what was it you wished to talk about?"

The girl's answer was strangely irrelevant. In a loud voice she cried:

"Here we are!"

The look on Frieda's face made her



Mortally Wounded, Teacher Pitched Down Bank and Lay Beside Water. His Daughter Came Down to Him, and Calling to Lover, "He is still alive, but I'll fix that," Twisted His Head and Held His Head Under the Water Until He Drowned.

father spin around and face a man who had just stopped from behind the tree and was pointing a revolver at him. Before a word could be said, the pistol barked five times in rapid succession, at such close range that every shot took effect.

The school teacher crumpled, pitched down a bank and lay with his head close to a little inlet, where the river had invaded the island. With swift, young feet, his daughter ran down the bank and bent over her parent, who, with five bullets in him, would not have lived many minutes, according to the medical examiner. Still the doomed man had no suspicion that his daughter had bared him to his death, and thought she had come to help him, or he would not have gasped the name of the assassin.

Once more came an irrelevant answer, the last and probably the most dreadful he ever heard. It was addressed not to him, but to the killer, looking down hopefully from above. He heard her say:

"He is still alive, but I'll fix that."

What must have been that father's last thoughts on earth, as he felt his daughter's hands seize his head, twist it around and force his face into the water? He struggled feebly, protests bobbed up, but soon there was a last shudder, and all was over.

Leaving her father, face down in the water, she conversed a moment with Richard. They agreed that she was to give him time to row across the river and ride away before calling for help. By the time the authorities could be notified he would be well out of the vicinity. As it turned out, he was on a train halfway to Vienna, but when he got off detectives were waiting for him. The police, not believing her story that a stranger had killed him for no reason, got her to tell the truth

and Richard was equally frank in confession.

The defense presented an array of witnesses besides the mother, proved beyond reasonable doubt the brutality of the dead man. The father stated that she had concealed the worst of his mistreatment from her mother because the older woman was sick and unhappy enough, as she were. Besides her father's threats, violence she had been deterred from lodging charges with the authorities because if the school teacher had been sent to prison the invalid mother would have had no means of support.

Two years ago when she met Richard Deinhammer, a young law student and fell in love, those feelings began to weaken causing her finally to take the whole situation to the man who was to marry her. They agreed that the father must be killed and nothing was to be said to the authorities. They worked out their plans for killing him. The school authorities were asked to explain their peculiar behavior to the fact that it had been necessary to confine him in a lunatic asylum for several weeks.

Their answer was that he was influential in such a powerful organization of teachers that they dared not defy its threats of throwing them out of office at the next election.

Richard on the witness stand in his own behalf and for his fiancée, said: "I am guilty of murder. But the motive of my action was love. It was the highest form of unselfish love that made me kill the father of this girl whom I had to rescue at any price."

Frieda, who wept through most of the trial, fainted when her lover was sentenced. Her name was first in the long list of petitioners to the President for a pardon whom most people expect will be granted. The attorney for the State, in his appeal for a new trial, declared the acquittal of the woman was a miscarriage of justice.

But the public feeling is that the man deserved his fate so richly that his murderers should not be punished.

Around The World On \$1.50

Miles
and
Corners
Un



Chinese Junk. Like the One Which Overtook the Freighter On Which Seppi Was Making His Way From China to Japan.

By SEPPY POPPINGER.
The "King of Stowaways."

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

BACK in Colombo I bade goodbye to the open-handed Chicagon and began, as every stow-away must, to hang about the busy waterfront. I had seen enough of the Ceylonese devil dancers and other sights of the island, and was eager to be on my way. An inventory of my pockets revealed that I was practically broke. I was wondering just what to do when I saw a big Chinese passenger ship entering the harbor.

Next morning, an hour before the ship was due to clear Colombo for Shanghai, I found the gangplank unguarded and walked nonchalantly aboard. I sneaked into one of the passenger cabins below decks, found it empty and locked the door. I dropped on the comfortable bunk and stayed put until I heard the bustle of departure.

When the liner was well out to sea I ventured on deck and boldly walked into the smoking room. Most of the seats were occupied by first-class passengers so I sat down beside a young Chinaman dressed in a suit that bespoke its London origin.

The fellow spoke to me in perfect English and ordered drinks. He asked me if I were going to China on business, or pleasure, and I confided to him that I was a stowaway. I showed him one of my cards and gave him a brief outline of my wanderings. We had another drink. And another. My Chinese friend insisted that I share his state-room. He would have given me his bed, but I was grateful for a blanket to roll up in on the floor.

Strangely enough none of the ship's officers or crew suspected that I did not belong on board. I ate in the first-class salon with Hai Fu—that was my Oriental friend's name—and roamed the ship to my heart's content. We stopped at Singapore, Manila and Hongkong and, at last, slid into the dock at Shanghai. Thanks to Hai Fu, who slipped a coin into the hand of an inspector at the foot of the gangplank, I got into China without mishap.

Promising Hai Fu that I would come to his house before I left Shanghai, I started off along the waterfront until I came to a native shop that looked to me like a restaurant. I went in and made the slant-eyed attendant understand that I wanted a cup of tea. What I got besides tea I don't know—but I suddenly became very tired and when I woke up again it was night and the dive was filled with Chinamen sprawled out on the floor. The air was filled with the sweetish stench of opium smoke.

My head was splitting and my legs wobbled as though I were drunk but I managed to get to my feet and land one good punch on the face of an evil-looking Chinaman who stood between me and the open air. Dazed, I walked through the crowded streets. Suddenly I discovered that my knapsack, my camera and my small amount of money were gone. I made my way to the European quarter and explained my predicament to the first policeman I saw—being careful to state that my passport was among the stolen articles.

I tried to lead the cop back to the waterfront dive, but all the streets looked alike to me and I became hopelessly lost. He made a gesture of impatience and went back to his beat. I decided that it was time to look up my friend Hai Fu. He was delighted to see me. So were his father, his mother and his two sisters, pretty little girls who looked for all the world like a pair of Chinese dolls. The hospitable family invited me to stay with them as long as I liked but I didn't want to abuse their courtesy and, besides, I felt the urge to be on the move again.

Three days after I landed in Shanghai I was browsing about the waterfront when I heard words



Picturesque Harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Which the Stowaway Visited On His Trip Around the World.



Photograph of a Part of the Crew of a Freighter On Which Seppi Traveled As a Stowaway. The Round-World Voyager Is Shown Standing On the Right.

that made me swing around. They were good German words and were coming from the mouth of a broad-faced, blue-eyed young sailor.

"I'll bet a mark that you're a German," he said. "And I double that and wager that you came from the north of Germany," I replied.

I was right. The fellow was a native of Hamburg and he was on the German freighter Tokyo which, that day, was clearing Shanghai for Yokohama, Japan. He thought he could fix it for me to work my way there, if I was anxious to get out of China. So it was that I found myself on the high seas again, peeling more potatoes and bound for the Land of the Rising Sun.

About sundown the Tokyo was hailed by a Chinese junk, its square sails flapping idly against its masts. The native skipper said he had a badly wounded sailor aboard—the fellow had fallen from a mast to the deck and broken his leg. Perhaps we would be good enough to take the unfortunate one to Yokohama, or treat him with our medical supplies. Our skipper shouted to the junk to lower a boat and bring the sick man aboard. The boat was lowered and came swinging toward us, filled with as mean a crew of Orientals as I ever saw. But I was totally unprepared for what happened next.

The "sick man" and his cronies came pouring over the side, armed to the teeth. The German captain dropped to the deck—shot through the head. We were being attacked by pirates.

The crew of the Tokyo rushed to the gun racks aft and, for a time, put up a good fight. Being unarmed, I dropped to the deck and watched the proceedings from a horizontal position. I saw one pirate, standing on the rail, pitch backward into the sea with half his face blown away. I counted three of the Tokyo's crew out of action, two of them obviously done to death and the other pulling himself across the deck with the blood streaming from his mouth.

The pirates were too many for us, for our ammunition soon ran out and they seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of bullets. Where they got it, I don't know, but they had one of the most modern and efficient of machine guns manned by a heathen Chinese sitting on the forward deck where he could sweep the field of battle.

One of the pirates spotted me and came bounding up to where I lay. He jabbed a pistol against my midriff and by his gestures made me understand that I was to remove my clothes. I had bought the suit in India and it was still a good looking outfit, considering what it had been through. At the same time I had invested in a sun helmet.



Devil Dancers in Ceylon. The Dance Originated Centuries Ago As a Means of Driving Away Evil Spirits.

The Chinaman grabbed up the clothes and the hat and shoved me roughly along the deck to a companionway forward. I lost no time in getting down the ladder and found all who were left of the officers and crew herded together, stripped to their underwear as I was. We were locked in and made little attempt to get out so long as we heard the pirates running about the deck. When everything was still we went to work and battered down the door of the compartment. The first mate crept cautiously to a porthole and saw the junk—a dot on the distant horizon.

The thugs had gone through the ship and taken everything of value that they could lay their hands on. The lockers of the crew were broken open and cleaned out and even most of the dishes in the galley were gone. Sadly we carried the skipper and the two dead sailors into the after deckhouse and the first mate turned the ship about and steamed back to Shanghai, to report the incident to the authorities.

The next afternoon I found myself back on the Shanghai waterfront, broke and dressed in an oil-smeared outfit of dungarees. I had said goodbye to my German friend, because the Tokyo might be tied up in port a week or more, and began combing the shore in search of a ship bound east—across the broad Pacific to America.

Late that night I found what I was looking for—an American cargo ship named the Toronto. It was short a stoker in the "black gang." If I didn't object to shoveling coal from Shanghai to San Francisco as the price of my passage, the chief engineer could use me. I took the job.

Early the next morning the Toronto sailed out of the crowded harbor, dominated by one of John Bull's long, lean cruisers, and across the East China Sea. I told the chief engineer of my experience on the Tokyo and asked him if I were likely to run into another junk load of slant-eyed sea thugs. He smiled and pointed to two racks of firearms filled with army rifles and sawed-off shotguns.

"There's more gun racks in the forecastle and astern," he said, "and if any of these gangsters crave action—well, the crew of the Toronto is all set to give it to 'em. Only once did we run into a pirate junk and somewhere aboard there are half a dozen braided pigtails as mementoes of the occasion."

Although I didn't say as much to the engineer, I was greatly relieved. One brush with Chinese pirates is enough for me.

The trip from Shanghai to Yokohama was, as the saying goes, uneventful—unless feeding the furnace in the bowels of a big freighter comes under the head of events. Perhaps I was out of condition and a bit worn down by my experience in the Shanghai dog den—the place in which I innocently supposed that I was drinking a cup of tea—but I found it hard to keep up with other sweating and cursing members of the "black gang." The Toronto was a big ship, longer than most freighters in the Pacific service and broad of beam.

Her appetite for coal was astonishing. Her boiler-room was the hottest place I'd ever seen and I was not a stranger to heat. When we docked in Yokohama my coal-shoveling cronies told me that the ship would stay in port for three days while her holds were filled with precious alkali. They advised me to make the most of this respite and warned me that the voyage to San Francisco was likely to be a rough one at this time of year.

It is no secret that sailormen usually seek the companionship of the fair sex when they are foot-loose in port and that's what some of my mates did on our stopover in Yokohama. One night I went with them on what one of the stokers called a "visit to strengthen international relations," or something to that effect. The visit was at a so-called hotel not far from the waterfront. The sleek-haired, kimono-clad hostesses seemed as interested in promoting international good will as my shipmates and, I must say, they served tea with as much grace and decorum as any fashionable hostess of London's Mayfair, or New York's Park Avenue.

I found that the rejuvenating effects of sleep, after my hours before the blazing furnace of the Toronto, appeared to me more than the soft allurements of Geisha girls and tea, and that stimulating liquid from the terraced rice fields, sake. Feeling somehow that I had committed a social faux pas—which is French for boorish behavior—I bowed myself out of the perfumed atmosphere and made my way back to the ship. Once aboard, I flopped on my bunk without bothering to take off clothes or shoes and spent the night in sound sleep.

Late in the afternoon of our third day in port the last of the big boxes of alkali, destined to add to the charm and glamour of American women, were stowed in the hold. The hatches were battened down. Bow and stern lines were cast off and we steamed out of Yokohama for Honolulu, 3400 watery miles to the east.

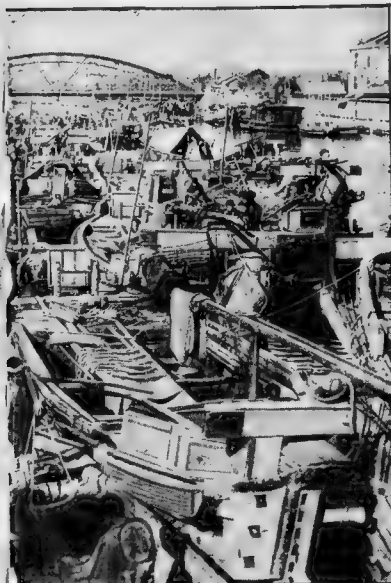
The Pacific may deserve its peaceful name but it was in a most unpleasant mood during the days that the good ship Toronto ploughed, pitched and tossed her way to the Hawaiian Islands. Had I been working on deck, up in the salt air, things might have been different. But down in that terrific heat the rolling and pitching made me as sick as I ever hope to be. I got no sympathy from the hard-bitten smokers and, of course, I didn't ask any. I managed to stay on the job, but I never got my sea legs.



Photograph of the Stowaway On the Street in Rio de Janeiro.

How 17-Year-Old Sepl Managed to Travel 70,000

is a Stowaway on Ships Airplanes, Visiting Odd of the Earth With Many pleasant Adventures



Mass of Small Craft That Litters the Harbor of Yokohama, Japan.

When the ship put out of Yokohama I looked forward to going ashore at Honolulu and catching a glimpse of one of those islands which miners and tourist agencies call the Jewels of the Pacific. But the morning we slid into the harbor of Honolulu I was so utterly disinterested in life that I had to force myself to take a languid look at the city through a salt encrusted porthole.

We laid over in Honolulu less than a day and were off on the 2100-mile stretch to San Francisco. Perhaps the Pacific became more deserving of its name, perhaps I was becoming accustomed to hard labor, infernal heat and uneasy decks. Anyway I began to feel better and to take some interest in life.

Three weeks to a day after the Toronto cleared Yokohama she slipped through San Francisco's Golden Gate. The setting could not have been more perfect. We sighted the California coast early in the afternoon, a thin, blue blur on the distant horizon, and just as the sun was sinking below the western rim of the sea, we entered the Gate. The sight became a golden thing with her masts, black and superstructure gilded by the invisible wash of Old Sol.

An hour after the Toronto was warped into her dock I was scrubbed clean of the grime of the oiler-room and dressed in a suit which the skipper gave me. The outfit was too full in the coat and too long in the legs, because the captain was a roth of a boy, as the Irish say, standing six feet and something in his socks and scaling a good 200 pounds. But it was better than dungarees. The skipper kidded me about my inability to take it then the sea "kicked up a little swell" and, though I had agreed to work my passage, gave me four one-dollar bills from his wallet.

With this modest stake I set out to see America. For a day or two I hung about San Francisco getting the "feel" of America and making rather vague plans for the future. I was sure of only one thing—that I wanted to cross the continent of New York and, somehow, from there, complete my circuit of the world, the task I had set myself when I left my father's farm in far-off Bavaria.

One day, when I was wandering the narrow streets of San Francisco's Chinatown and marveling at this chunk of the Orient transplanted to the oil of the Western World, I made the acquaintance of two young American boys. Like myself, they were in their early twenties, footloose and carefree. Because of my limited knowledge of the English language we had some difficulty in carrying on conversation but I finally made them understand that I was a sort of international hobo and they explained to me that they were in the same business—if roaming can be called a business. In a day or two they were leaving California to bum their way across the country. Perhaps I would like to go with them.

This was the best of good luck for me because these fellows knew how to get from place to place in America, and they were traveling in a way that fitted in with my plans perfectly. Next day we climbed into a truck that took us all the way to Sacramento. From there we hitch-hiked to Salt Lake City where, to my friends' amusement, I insisted on remaining long enough to have a look at the Mormon tabernacle and float around on the heavily-saline waters of Great Salt Lake.

By highway and box car we made our way to Cheyenne and three weeks later we trudged, like the three musketeers, into Chicago. My traveling companions had a positive talent for picking houses and restaurants where handouts were forthcoming and we managed to live well enough "off the land" as we went along. Once in awhile I tried my hand at back doors, but I achieved only fair success. I think a lot of people distrusted me because I looked and talked like a foreigner.

In Chicago my friends and I came into possession—and perhaps it is better not to explain how—of a second-hand flivver of ancient vintage. But the thing ran and that was all we cared about. Six weeks to a day after I had walked down the gang-plank of the Toronto in San Francisco, I chugged out of the New York end of the traffic tunnel that joins Manhattan Island to New Jersey.

Our antiquated and unsightly chariot attracted considerable attention on our progress uptown, and we must have been something of a spectacle among the gleaming limousines and brightly-painted taxicabs on Fifth Avenue. But I was not self-conscious. I was much more interested in the big buildings and the crowds to worry about what New York thought of my equipage.

I remained in New York about a week, sleeping in Bowery flophouses at night and seeing the sights in the daytime. There wasn't much that a poor traveler could see that I missed. I mixed with the crowds in the Great White Way at night, rode elevators to the tops of skyscrapers, walked through the Ghetto and Chinatown and Wall Street, Central Park, Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium at the Battery were not overlooked.

My two American friends found the November weather a bit trying, as they put it, and suggested that we climb in our battered old flivver and, like the birds, migrate to the South. They set off without me, because it was my idea to take advantage of the opportunities of America's biggest and busiest seaport and get back to the precarious but exciting business of stowing away aboard a ship. It is with some shame that I relate how this scheme fell through. I made the acquaintance of a Bavarian born not far from my native village of Toedtenried. He had been in America many years and had made a lot of money. He was greatly interested in the yarns I told him and insisted that I let him contribute something to the world



"The boat was lowered and came swinging toward us, filled with as many a crew of Orientals as I ever saw. But I was totally unprepared for what happened next.

"The 'ick man' and his cronies came pouring over the side, armed to the teeth. The German captain dropped to the deck shot through the head. We were being attacked by pirates!"

progress of a fellow countryman. He overruled all my objections and, one day, I found myself comfortably ensconced in a Pullman car bound for Florida. I was all dolled up in a new suit of clothes and, for a change, was traveling like a gentleman. It was very nice, of course, but I kept feeling that I should have made the journey by my wits and not by someone's generosity.

There was, however, one bright aspect in the situation. I refused to accept more than a few dollars from the big-hearted Bavarian, and arrived in Miami with very little cash in my pockets. Good clothes and all, I hit the highway again and hitch-hiked along the coast to New Orleans.

Instantly I drifted to the waterfront after I had looked over the business section and roamed through those old parts of the city that look, for all the world, like bits of southern France. It had been almost three months since I had felt a rolling deck under my feet and, despite my none too pleasant voyage across the Pacific Ocean on the Toronto, I felt that recurring itch to be at sea.

I was in a port from which I could get to South America, the one continent that I hadn't set foot on—unless Australia ranks as a continent. My school teachers in Bavaria had a divided opinion about Australia. Some of them called it the smallest continent and others said it was the biggest island. They were agreed on the continental status of South America, however, and that was my next objective.

At one of the docks I saw a freighter with the Danish flag flying from its stern. Experience had taught me that the Scandinavians are likely to have a friendly feeling for Germans and I asked one of the crew to take me to the skipper.

He turned out to be one of those blue-eyed old sea dogs with a hard-boiled manner and a warm heart. He didn't need any hands but he guessed that the boat could find enough for me to do,

if I was willing to work my passage to Rio where he was bound to discharge cotton and load coffee for Liverpool.

Next day the freighter steamed down the Gulf of Mexico and through the Caribbean to Venezuela where we stopped for a few hours while minor repairs were made on the engine. I busied myself helping the cook, giving the superstructure a fresh coat of white paint and bolystoning the decks. There were two German sailors in the crew and it was good to be with someone who talked my language.

From Venezuela we rounded the great bulge of South America down past the Guianas and the mouth of the Amazon to Rio de Janeiro, where I said goodbye to the Danish skipper and set out for the city nestled in the lap of mountains forever capped by clouds. In Rio I found a printer and with the little money I had left got him to run off some copies of my cards. He warned me not to try to dispose of them in the Brazilian capital because the police were very strict about begging and would throw me in jail. And it might go hard with me if I could not produce a passport.

I took his advice and started walking down the coast to the coffee port of Santos, some 200 miles to the south. The motorists in Brazil have little use for hitch-hikers and the journey took me 10 days. The morning I arrived in Santos I was tired and hungry. I decided, against my better judgment, to try to peddle a few cards in a public square dominated by a twin-towered cathedral. I knew a little Spanish and went into my usual spiel.

I never finished that speech. A heavy hand gripped one of my shoulders and I turned to look into the scowling face of a policeman. I don't know where the cops of Santos buy their uniforms, but this fellow was wearing a gaudy regalia that would

(Continued on Page 18.)

They Were Mongrels Both—Tug and Dutch. But There Was a Bond Between Them That Couldn't Be Broken. Complete in This Issue.

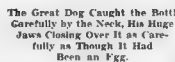


He turned into the hotel, stepping between the sleeping drunks, trotted to the bar and reared up with his forepaws upon it.

last, tug by winning or faintly running until the old man looked.

in his blanket. Rug lay with his head on his paws, his ears cocking. When he thought it was safe, he moved over and put his great head on Dutch's breast. They slept at peace with the world.

(Continued on Page 16)



by muttered remarks such as "Lookit that old roo" or "The rabbits be thickening up in this country since we was here last," Tug by whining or faintly rumbling until the old man looked.

smoke would keep on the mosquitoes, and then roll in his blankets. Tug lay with his head on his paws, his ears cocking. When he thought it was safe, he moved over and put his great head on Dutch's breast. They slept at peace with the world.

(Continued on Page 16)

SEPTEMBER

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

Armour's Meal of the Month

MENU

My guests at the Armour Kitchen greatly enjoyed the following menu:

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Star Baked Ham in Orange-Cinnamon Sauce
Parsley Buttered Potatoes
Spinach with Duchess Crusts (crisp croutons)
Olives Celery
Pear in Lime-Gelatin Salad Mayonnaise
Graham Cracker Torte Coffee

Ask for my free recipe book at your dealer's

(Signed) MARIE GIFFORD, Food Economist at Armour's



Table appointments from Marshall Field and Company

BAKED HAM à la STAR

"The grand old favorite of all good eaters"

Frank Buck suggests it . . . Marie Gifford of Armour's plans a menu worthy of this finest food . . . and your dealer features it all month

FRANK BUCK

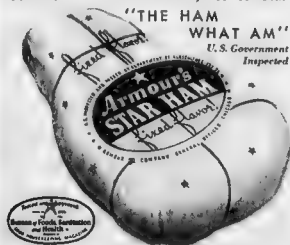
The hero of a thousand jungle exploits cables via Singapore: "After months of primitive food in the jungle, I long for a dish of good old Baked Ham. It's the grand old favorite of all good eaters. By all means, make it the Meal of the Month for September.

Watch for Frank Buck's latest Van Beuren-RKO-Radio picture

WE can safely promise a dinner table triumph with this Armour MEAL OF THE MONTH. Baked ham is always a delight . . . but success is doubly sure when the menu calls for Armour's Star Ham. This flavor-famous ham is naturally delicious to every palate . . . you can serve it confidently to any gathering . . . and win the applause of good eaters every time!

Note carefully how Marie Gifford, Armour's food economist, serves Star

"THE HAM
WHAT AM"
U. S. Government
Inspected



Ham for September . . . baked in brown sugar and orange sauce . . . garnished with tasty cinnamon-orange slices . . . served with fine vegetables and a sparkling pear-lime-gelatin salad. Verily, a setting superb for Armour's Star Ham!

Fixed Flavor Star Ham needs
no parboiling

The marvelous flavor of Armour's Star Ham is due to a special formula known only to Armour chefs. Every Star Ham is given a mild sugar cure . . . then a long, slow smoking over fragrant hickory fires. All temperatures are watched as carefully as you watch your own oven. And each ham is tested by experts for highest quality and flavor. The result is a finished ham so perfectly prepared that it needs

no parboiling. And its flavor is always the same, no matter where or when you buy it.

Look for Armour's MEAL OF THE MONTH at your neighborhood store. It's on display now . . . you buy all the ingredients at one time . . . and get Marie Gifford's Book of Recipes for the complete meal. Then prepare this September treat . . . and the good eaters will gather joyously 'round your table.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Ask your dealer for Marie Gifford's Recipe Book, with full directions for preparing the September MEAL OF THE MONTH.

LOOK FOR THIS
DISPLAY at your dealer's.
Buy the complete meal



Every month Armour brings you the favorite meal of a popular celebrity.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Feeding Two Thousand People at a Time



Two Thousand People Seated Around a Prize Ring at a Big Banquet Given in Paris Recently by Monsieur Peugeot, Wealthy French Automobile Manufacturer.

Eating Becomes a Big Business When Hotels or Caterers Are Called Upon to Serve Huge Banquets and Must See That Every Course Is Ready When It Is Supposed to Be and That There Is Plenty to Go Around



When the Banqueters Have Finished, There Is Still the Task of Feeding the Men Who Fed Them—And It Is No Small Job, as the Photograph Above Reveals.

OCCASIONALLY, a hostess who entertains a dozen dinner guests has to take to her bed afterwards with a sick headache and may be several days in recovery, from the strain of planning and seeing to it that she is an elaborate function. But if she had to serve 2,000 persons at the same time, she would probably suffer a nervous collapse and have to spend six weeks or so in a hospital, taking a rest cure. And yet feeding 2,000 persons at the same time is not another job in the lives of the hosts of luxury hotels where the problem has been simplified and is solved in every detail, from opening oysters to feeding the crew.

A lot of other things go into the line in order to serve 2,000 persons and also a lot of help is necessary. For instance, an average restaurant owner for 2,000 guests as served in a luxury hotel, calls for 28,000 pieces of table silver, 20,000 plates, 2,000 vegetable dishes, platters and soup tureens, 6,000 pieces of linen and 4,500 miscellaneous articles such as cups and saucers, cream pitchers, sugar bowls, glasses, dessert bowls and salt and pepper shakers.

M-m-m-m-m! Cooks Are Not Supposed to Care for Their Own Cooking.
The Jolly Chef Above, With His Platter of Pheasant and Cold Meats, Was an Exception to the Rule.



with waiters prancing and the orchestra playing, the pheasant seemed as if they were a bit raw and minute, chick tip their wings, preen their feathers and strut away. The 2,000 guests who were assembled to celebrate "the glory of united industry" as the French newspaper reporters put it, were seated at tables arranged in a vast oval setting around a boxing ring where a bout was later presented.

The right kind of wine was served with the fowl of course and in Paris it could have been regarded as a calamity if any guest had been allowed to taste his food without having a full glass at hand to bring out the flavor. To prevent this disaster, it was necessary for the wine waiters to be prepared to start pouring the moment the meat platters were placed upon the tables, and in order that this might be accomplished, a special crew of cork pullers was assigned for the occasion. A short while before the dinner began, the bottles for the meat course were lined up on parlor tables, like a regiment on parade. Then expert hands unobscured their stoppers leaving it half way out. Naturally, the champagne, which was served with the dessert, could not be opened ahead of time, since that would make it flat, but having a different vintage of wine with each previous course, by the time the dessert arrived the diners were not so impatient.



Multitiered Steel Shelves Hold the 2,000 Platters of Pheasant, Meat, Salads and Other Dishes That Went to Make Up the Many Courses of Monsieur Peugeot's Banquet.

Such skills as the Waldorf-Astoria, where the well-known Oscar Regis owns the culinary department, are equipped with special refrigerators for each kind of food, vegetable, meat, fish, fowl and each refrigerator is kept at a proper temperature for the kind of food it contains.

Suppose oysters on the half shell are to be served at a banquet for 2,000

persons, who will naturally be able to eat a lot of oysters. Six oysters will be allowed to a person, but to be on the safe side about 13,000 will be ordered. These will arrive anywhere from two days to a week in advance of the banquet date, and will come packed with ice in barrels. When the barrels arrive, they will be placed in the refrigerator where the sea food is kept in bulk.

These oysters cannot be opened the day before the banquet, or the morning of the banquet date, for that matter, for that would spoil the flavor. They must be opened not longer than two hours before they are to be served. An expert oyster opener can pry open about 275 oysters an hour. At this rate, then, if the entire lot of 13,000 oysters is to be opened in the space of

four girls will be kept busy mixing fifty quarts of salad dressing. A party of 2,000 persons can be counted upon to eat about 7,000 rolls, and these must be baked the afternoon of the banquet, and must come out of the oven two hours before they are to be eaten. Twelve bakers are needed to do this job properly.

The soup cooks, on the other hand, are not so pressed for time, and can start their preparations the day before, by boiling 200 chickens in beef stock—should the menu call for chicken gumbo, for instance. The celery, leeks, dried hain, red peppers, okra, small onions, tomatoes and other ingredients will have to be prepared during the course of the day, and each started to cooking at the proper moment to have it done when the time comes for taking in the soup. To prepare soup for 2,000 persons, from ten to twenty soup cooks are needed.

Suppose the fish course is to be lake trout. Roughly estimated, one seven-pound trout will serve ten persons, or in other words, 1,400 pounds or 200 lake trout will be required for 2,000 guests. A dozen fish cooks will set to work on them at 11 o'clock in the morning, first boiling or poaching them until they are tender enough for the bones to be removed. Then the fish will be arranged so as to appear whole. The number of cooks needed to prepare the meat course varies in accordance with its simplicity or elaborateness. An unusually large number had to be on hand to prepare the pheasant for the Peugeot automobile magazine dinner, but for the most courses ordinarily served at banquets, ten or twelve meat cooks are enough.

If green peas are on the menu, 300 bushels will be needed for 2,000 guests. Thirty women will start shelling the peas in the forenoon, and eight cooks will take charge of cooking them in the afternoon. Roasted potatoes are usually served also, and for 2,000 guests about 132 bushels of potatoes are needed. Ice cream seems to have become the standard banquet dessert, and to take a simple example, suppose the menu calls for vanilla ice cream with crushed strawberries. To make vanilla ice cream for 2,000 persons, 140 quarts of cream, the yolks of 2,000 eggs, and 140 pounds of sugar are required. The vanilla flavoring that is used usually comes in sticks, and about 500 feet of these sticks are needed. To cook these ingredients and take care of the freezing, eight ice cream cooks are employed, and a half dozen assistants look after the preparation of about 240 boxes of strawberries.

At a banquet, it would be unfortunate if the food supply ran short, and for this reason the banquet menu is prepared to be on the safe side. But this is not the case when the banquet has finished, the cooks, assistants, waiters, and dish washers have their turn.

The Girl Men To All By Mervyn Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

OTELIA WAYNE, young daughter of a Chicago brewer, is to become a girl of fortune in a Vienna district. There she meets and falls in love with Prince Eric, a young man of noble birth. Before Prince Eric, the young girl, Otelia, is an admirer, but the Prince is a rival.

Otelia, that Robin no longer wishes to see her in Vienna. The first night of the party, she is surprised to find that Prince Eric is not there. She is disappointed to find that Prince Eric is not there. She is disappointed to find that Prince Eric is not there.

CHAPTER XXII.



TANGO.

STANDING over the shrinking Otelia, Boris, gloating, was a man interrupted by a loud banging on the massive oak door. Boris started up with an exclamation of fury. "Who dares disturb me?" he called. "I have given orders that I am not to be disturbed till sunrise."

This true story is based upon facts contained in an unsolicited letter.

Tampa, Fla.
July 16, 1935

Dear Sirs:

When the depression started I decided to do my own washing. I scrubbed and scrubbed, but my clothes always looked gray. About a year ago, I rented a room to a nurse and one day

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED THEN



LA FRANCE? I'VE NEVER USED IT. BUT IF IT WILL MAKE MY CLOTHES AS SNOWY AS YOURS, I'D LIKE TO TRY IT!

MARY, DON'T YOU WANT ME TO WASH AND BOIL YOUR UNIFORMS FOR YOU?

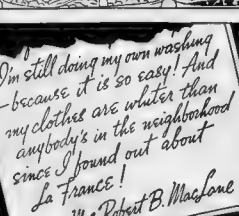


NO THANKS. I USE LA FRANCE AND MY UNIFORMS ARE THE WHITEST IN THE HOSPITAL!

NEXT MONDAY



JUST DISSOLVE SOME OF THESE BLUE LA FRANCE FLAKES WITH YOUR REGULAR SOAP. THEY LOOSEN THE DIRT AND SAVE A LOT OF HARD RUBBING.



YES, I'VE ALWAYS HATED BLUEING—I NEVER GOT IT RIGHT!

I'm still doing my own washing—because it is so easy! And my clothes are whiter than anybody's in the neighborhood since I found out about La France!

MY CLOTHES HAVE NEVER BEEN SO SPARKLING WHITE BEFORE! AND THE COLORED THINGS LOOK LIKE NEW!

Mrs. Robert B. MacLone

1. Add it to your suds!
2. Makes the soap work better, faster.
3. Blues of the same time, saving you some whole hard soap.
4. Less work, whiter clothes.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AT YOUR GROCER'S

Free

a man's voice called. "I come with important news. It cannot wait!" Boris frowned in momentary indecision. Then, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, he walked over to the door and flung it open.

"Well, what is this news that cannot wait?" he demanded curtly.

"A messenger has just come down from the North," Josef panted. "He says that the entire upper half of Vienna has revolted against you. That your presence is needed immediately to give your soldiers heart and to prevent the rebellion from spreading to the South."

"The treacherous swine!" Boris thung out furiously. His face was mottled with rage. "We must show them we're not a master! Jose, we start at once."

He threw a final look of regret at the faint figure of the girl on the divan. But he realized that this was serious. He had no intention of making his crown

"See that the girl is well guarded," he flung over his shoulder to Josef. "I shall hold you personally responsible for her."

It was gone! Otelia sat motionless, listening to Boris' footsteps retreating down the corridor. She felt tired out emotionally and physically but throughout all her exhaustion she was aware of an overwhelming sense of relief. She had been granted at least this respite. She felt incapable just then of thinking of the future. She only knew that for the present she had been spared.

The next three days passed uneventfully for Otelia. She remained in the Royal Palace attended constantly by the maid. She moved only between the bed-chamber and the sitting room. She was never even allowed into the corridors of the castle.

At first she lived in constant terror that at any moment Boris would return. At every footstep in the passage outside she started and turned pale. She wondered increasingly at his prolonged absence. All the information she could gather from the maid was that the trouble in the north had proved more serious than Boris had anticipated and that he was delayed indefinitely.

She saw the Prince Josef occasionally, but from him she could get no information. As the time passed Otelia began to worry less for herself than for the poor Princess Esther, who might still be forced into this marriage with Boris, who had promised Prince Eric that she would accomplish her mission.

He was trusting her, depending upon her. Had those few whispered words in the Royal Box done any good or had she utterly failed?

If only she could get a further message to Esther, or could see her again and swear that she had spoken to Eric in person! But these luxurious rooms were a veritable prison. The massive oak doors were barred and bolted. She was constantly watched by uncommunicative maid.

Passed the days in a fever heat of impatience, of worry, of fear. She lay on her stomach, listening to the chime of innumerable bells. They rang out musically and clearly, floating in through the open window. When Olga, the maid, brought in her breakfast, Otelia asked: "Why are all those bells ringing to-day?"

"For the wedding of our King," Olga informed her. "His Majesty is marrying the Princess Esther this very day!"

"What?" Otelia stared at her incredulously. "The King is being married today...? But I thought he was still in the North."

"I believe His Majesty returned late last night," the woman told her. "The marriage is being hurried through for today."

"Is that so?" Otelia murmured faintly. She lay on her pillows and stared up at the ceiling, thinking. So Boris had returned. He was in Vienna, the Princess today... and here she lay helpless, unable to do anything to prevent this marriage!

"Shall I pour your coffee for you, madame?" the maid asked. Otelia looked up at her dully with a murmured assent. She noticed vaguely how ill Olga was looking this morning. She was as white as a sheet and her hand as it held the coffee pot trembled.

"You don't look very well this morning, Olga," she remarked casually.

The woman passed a weary hand over her brow. "I didn't sleep, madame. I had to stay awake all night in case His Majesty should wish to visit you here. It would never have done for His Royal Highness to have come and to have found no one on duty."

"Oh," said Otelia. Her heart softened towards the woman. For the first time she seemed really human. "Do not down and rest," she urged. "Don't bother doing anything for me this morning."

"Thank you, madame. But I am quite all right, really!" As she spoke she made another effort to pour out Otelia's coffee, but she had hardly lifted the silver pot from the tray when she uttered a low moan and sank in a faint to the floor.

Otelia sprang out of bed and bent over the woman. Her heart was still beating; she had only fainted. She was about to dash cold water to the maid's face to bring her round when a sudden illness occurred to her. She remained still, the maid's face to the white the fantastic scheme grew in her brain.



One of the Sentries Started in Pursuit, but He Was Fat, and Otelia Ran as Though She Had Wings.

mal where, but it was a chance she decided to act immediately. With hands that were cold with nervousness, she addressed the still motionless woman, and put her foot on the bed. A few minutes later she had hastily dressed, but in the colorful peasant dress of Vienna. Luckily the maid, who was the only one left in the room, had not noticed her.

Indeed with the sunlight streaming in upon her through the open window she made a lovely fresh sight in the rich blues and reds of the costume. She tucked her golden hair well out of sight under the flowing white cap. The next moment she had picked up the breakfast tray and moved cautiously towards the door.

Her heart was racing as she approached that door. Would she succeed in getting through unrecognized? It was a great chance she was taking. One of the guards might address her in the native dialect and she would be unable to reply. She caught her breath sharply and tapped three times softly on the door as she had so often heard the maid doing.

Immediately the massive doors swung open. Taking her courage in both hands she walked through, keeping her face bent low over the breakfast tray. Luckily it was dark in the corridor, the only light penetrating dimly through a stained glass window high up in the wall. The maid muttered something which Otelia took to be "good-morning" and let her pass.

Through them she could see crowds of people swarming in the streets. A gay, merry scene, evident every good citizen of Vienna had left off work this day to participate in the wedding of his King.

Otelia noticed that a large majority of the women were dressed in the same peasant costume as she wore herself. If only she could get out among them in the wedding of his King.

At the outer gates one of the sentries challenged her as she

passed by. She couldn't reply, so she hurried on down the street. The man called after her again. Evidently his tone was commanding her to stop. There was nothing to do but to turn as hard as she could, and pray that before the man could reach her she would be swallowed up by the crowd of merry-makers.

As she fled along the cobblestoned pavement she heard both the sentries shouting angrily after her. Then one of them started in pursuit but he was fat, and his feet ran as though she had wings and soon was among a vast multitude of citizens swarming towards the church where the ceremony was to take place.

It was some time before she paused to recover her breath and to think what she would do next. How great it was to be free again. Marvellous to be out in the fresh air with the blue sky above her, away from the oppressive and sinister luxury of the rooms in the Royal Palace. She felt as though she could never draw enough of the good

If only this moment she might escape for good and all from Vienna. She felt as though she could never draw enough of the good

But Otelia wondered, did her own life count for very much. All that she wanted of life was Robin and his love. Robin had deliberately turned away from her for another girl. Her heart ached at the thought of it, tears misted her eyes.

But she dashed them away with a resolute hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"AT DAWN TOMORROW," SHE would not fail Prince Eric! Whatever it cost her she would try and stop this wedding.

But how? If only she might speak with the Princess Esther. But where was she staying... and would she, Otelia, in her peasant's costume, be admitted to the Princess' presence? It seemed unlikely.

Even as she stood there deliberating on what she should do she heard a great cry raised by those who stood around her. She knew sufficient German to real-

(Continued on Page 17)

"BE LOVELY All Over" SAY EXOTIC VIENNESE AND GIVE YOU THEIR SECRET OF REAL Allure!



"MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE SOAP KEEPS FACE, ARMS, SHOULDERS SOFT AND SMOOTH. FOR THAT REASON, IT IS THE FAVORITE BEAUTY SOAP IN EUROPE."

HOW glamorous she is! And how well she knows that to be really alluring you must have "all over" beauty... face, arms, shoulders, back—all exquisitely lovely. So, for such a well as face, these exotic Viennese use Palmolive Soap. Make their secret yours!

See how this beauty soap... because it is made only with olive and palm oils... actually soothes and beautifies your skin while it cleanses. See how utterly different its father is. Rich, velvety



lather... deeply penetrating, but very gentle... never irritating! As soft as fat, it is olive oil, making it, which gives Palmolive its soft, olive-green color. This very color assures its purity.

So keep lovely "all over" with Palmolive. Use this wonderful soap made with precious olive oil for your complexion and hair. Learn for yourself why Palmolive is the favorite beauty soap in France, Italy, Germany and seven other European countries.

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP YOUR SKIN Softly

THE WORLD OVER more women use PALMOLIVE than any other beauty soap

The Girl Men Tolerate About M. G.

(Continued from Page 15)

ize what the crowd was shouting "The Princess is coming! The Princess is coming!"

Either was already on her way to the cathedral. Otelia hadn't reached it until this time. A little time she had in which to act.

Quickly she climbed onto a railing and peered down the street. At the far end she saw the Princess' carriage approaching, drawn by four white horses, with her head proudly as though they realized the importance of the royal personage whose carriage they drew.

The carriage itself was gilded; it sparkled and burned under the strong spring sunlight as though it were aflame. And inside, in royal state, sat the Princess.

One glance at her told Otelia that she was far from a happy bride. Her sweet oval-shaped face was deathly white, whiter even than the rich emerald cloak which she wore about her head.

Otelia sensed that her heart was breaking despite the pitiful attempt to make her smile. The next moment, she was stretched, "Robin," she cried desperately, "Make them believe that I am telling the truth!"

The next moment, almost miraculously it seemed to Otelia, she was clasped in Robin's arms. The stupefied, amazed crowd made way for the girl. Robin rushed towards her and held her closely to him.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered, "what are you doing here? We must save the poor Princess," she managed to whisper.

Yet in that moment the Princess and what might happen to her didn't seem to matter much. All that mattered to Otelia was that she had found Robin again, that he was holding her to him, that he still loved her despite all the red-haired girl had said.

"But, darling, why did you leave me?" Robin murmured. "I didn't leave you," they told me that you didn't love me any more," Otelia replied.

"Not love you?" His voice shook with incredulity. But before he could say any more, Boris' guards had reached them. The next instant they were torn ruthlessly apart.

"Take them both to the prison," Boris commanded. "This is an obvious conspiracy to black-mail me. I shall deal with them myself with incredible. But before he could say any more, Boris' guards had reached them. The next instant they were torn ruthlessly apart.

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girl before in my life!" "What have you to say, young woman?" the Archbishop demanded sternly.

"I am telling the truth," Otelia insisted. "Will no one believe me?"

"The girl is mad," Boris stated. "I don't see her thrown out of the church!"

Otelia saw the guards come forward to carry her away, but, before they had reached her, she heard a voice from the other side of the church cry, "The girl is speaking the truth. I am prepared to stake my oath upon that!"

At the first sound of that voice Otelia's heart leapt madly into her throat. She turned and stared at the speaker as though she could scarcely believe her eyes, credit her senses.

For it was Robin standing up there, his face grim but defiant. Robin harked her up in this hour of need before the whole world. Even in that first instant a ray of happiness shot through her being. Robin here—and just when she needed him so!

The next moment she had tottered towards him, her arms outstretched, "Robin," she cried desperately, "Make them believe that I am telling the truth!"

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my lord. Now let the ceremony proceed." The Archbishop returned once more to his Bible. Otelia felt her heart sink. Had all that she had done gone for nothing? Was the ceremony to continue in spite of all she had said?

She saw a deathly white face, the Princess' face, stepped away from the altar. "It was a deathly white face," he said. "I am prepared to stake my oath upon that!"

Boris couldn't disguise his intense rage. "I tell you that they are a pair of criminal justice," he said hoarsely. "Will you take their souls against mine?"

"I am sorry, Boris, but I must abide by my decision," the Princess returned. As she spoke she looked the long bridal train of satin over her arm and walked haughtily down the aisle.

Meanwhile Otelia and Robin were half-courted, half-dragged towards the grim prison that stood on the outskirts of the town. In broken matches she told him what had happened to her during those past terrible days.

My poor love, it's torture to think of what you have suffered," he whispered, brushing her hair. "But under his breath he muttered, "Or what you may even yet have to suffer!"

For he realized that his own were both completely in Boris' power. He was king, and in this half-civilized country his word was law.

"Nothing seems to matter now that I know you still love me," Otelia told him. She tried to smile bravely across at him, but there were tears in her eyes. An awful fear was tugging at her heart. Not for herself, but for Robin. Boris hated him intensely.

All too soon the grim prison walls loomed before them. Otelia was led in one direction, Robin in another.

"Courage, my darling," Robin called to her. "We'll get out of this!"

And all through that long dreary afternoon, as Otelia lay on a hard narrow bed in the gloomy prison cell, she tried to take courage from Robin's parting words. He was so brave. While he had been with him she had felt brave, too. But now an awful despair crept over her.

They were completely at Boris' mercy. She knew, from of old, that he had no mercy in him. They had bailed him at the moment of his supreme triumph. She knew in her heart that he would never forgive them.

Towards evening the cell door opened. A priest entered the room, badly-ventilated room. He held out a hand towards Otelia as though he would give her his blessing before he spoke.

"Be brave, my daughter," he said gently, "I have distressing news for you." Otelia started up from the bed, her face deathly white. Even before he had spoken she vaguely sensed what he had to say.

"What is it, Father?" she whispered. The man lowered his eyes. He cleared his throat twice. Apparently he hated the task that faced him.

"What is it?" Otelia demanded again. Anything was better than this awful suspense. "By the order of the King both you and your lover are to be put to death at dawn tomorrow."

(Continued on Page 14)

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DELICATE DOROTHY

SHE WAS 8 POUNDS UNDERWEIGHT UNTIL ... BASED ON EXPERIENCE REPORTED BY MRS. S. B. TAYLOR, COVINGTON, KY.

Oh, dear! You haven't gained a single ounce! I simply can't understand it.

Hello, Nan? You look as blue as indigo!

I'm so worried about Dorothy. She's so nervous and so nervous! I wish she could fill out like your Martha has!

Why, why don't you have her do what Martha did? Start taking Ovaltine!

Why, haven't you heard? It's that Swiss food-drink that helps so many children to grow and put on weight!

And what's more, they say it's wonderful for nervous children, too! You really ought to try it!

Well, I'll certainly have Dorothy run up to the store and get a can this afternoon.

And the blue ribbon for the healthiest girl goes to little Miss Dorothy Taylor.

Hear that, Nan? Aren't you happy?

Yes, and grateful, too, to Jane and Ovaltine.

And Now—Read the Letter that Dorothy's Mother Wrote:—

"My daughter, Dorothy, was very nervous and apparently 8 pounds underweight. I found out one day that she was 8 pounds underweight."

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FOR SMART DESKS...

AND FINE WRITING...

10¢

CARTER'S INK

WATERPROOF

Around the World on \$50 By Seppl Popfinger, "King of Stowaways"

(Continued from Double Page)

have made him at least a major-general in any other country. He kept his grip on my cap-collar and made me "walk Spania" to a caldoso which seemed to be a strange combination of lock-up and court of justice or justice. After a night in a narrow cell I was taken before a pompous magistrate who wasn't at all interested in listening to anything I had to say, and ordered me deported as an undesirable alien. In addition to this stigma I was charged with illegal entry and being a vagrant without visible means of support. That afternoon I was escorted to the waterfront by a squad of swarthy-faced coppers, like a spy hemmed in by a firing squad, and turned over to the captain of a Spanish freighter, the City of Barcelona. The skipper didn't seem especially pleased at having me aboard but there was nothing much he could do about it and

I must say, he was more friendly than the Santos police.

He ordered me locked up in the ship's brig on a morning line, but I was released as soon as the freighter was well out of the harbor, assigned a bunk in the fore-cabin and put to work scrubbing decks. The voyage across the South Atlantic was almost as the trip I made across the Pacific, but I was not forced to stoop to coal in the boiler room and it was a good sailing.

When the captain's mess boy had his leg broken by a wave that swept him down a companionway and across the deck, I was given his job and served my master so well that he asked me to stay on as a member of the crew. I explained to him that my vocation was wandering and that I never would be content to stick to a ship for more than a voyage or two.

Night after night we sat in his cabin swapping yarns. He was greatly interested in my

West African adventures because, as a young seaman, he had been wrecked off the coast of Senegal and lived for a time with a friendly tribe of natives. When the City of Barcelona dropped anchor in the harbor of Las Palmas, the Canary Islands, the skipper called me to the bridge and said that he would not let me go until I had promised not to attempt to escape. It was his job, he said, to put me in the brig in Cadiz. I gave him my word that I would stick to the ship and explained to him that I had spent three months in the Canaries and felt no desire to have another lock at familiar ground. Nineteen days after the squad of police marched me up the gangplank in Santos I walked down the same gangplank in Cadiz. The skipper was afraid that the Spanish police would grab me before I could get out of the port so, arm in arm, we strolled along the waterfront

until we came to a small restaurant. Here we went into a back room and the captain carried on a conversation, which I only partly understood, with the owner of the establishment. I slept there that night and, early the next morning, caught a small coasting schooner for Barcelona. The arrangements for that trip were made by the line keeper, who seemed to know everyone along the waterfront. It was during the pleasant voyage up the Mediterranean coast of Spain that I suddenly felt it was time to go back to Barcelona and I did so. I returned, and like the Prodigal Son, returned to my home and my family. I had done what I started out to do—gone around the world—and made the long and adventurous trip on an original investment of about a dollar and a half.

The more I thought of home the more excited I became. I was driving a mud motor car and told me I might go with him if I could find a seat among the many pieces of luggage. Surrounded by boxes, valises, and duffle bags I rode with the Frenchman to Avignon and up the beautiful valley of the Rhone to Lyons. He had fought in the French army during the World War, but German that I was, he urged me to spend a few days with him and his family. I explained that I was eager to go home and started "h"iking to Geneva, Switzerland.

From Geneva I made good time to Bern and northwest to Zurich, which is only a few miles away from the Swiss-German frontier. In Zurich I had the good luck to make the acquaintance of an American and his wife who were doing an automobile tour of the Continent and were just starting out for Oberammergau, which was on the direct route to Munich.

I lost a whole day wandering about the city, observing and taking notes, and acting as their guide and interpreter. They met several of the members of

the world-famous Pannoni Fray company and spent several hundred dollars of good American money for wood carvings done by these talented celebrities. The next day I dropped off a truck in Munich. My heart beat fast as I saw one familiar landmark after another. I was in the native land again and thirty short miles from home.

With a few marks that my American friends had given me I went into a restaurant and ordered a typical Bavarian meal washed down with stein after stein of beer. Then I set out on foot for Tootentent.

It was early the next morning that I came around a bend in the road and beheld the house where I was born. For a moment I stood looking at it and I am not ashamed to say that my eyes filled with tears. Five years is a long time in a boy's life and, as the song says, there's no place like home.

As I walked into the yard my father came out of one of the doors of the big barn. He had a pool of milk in each hand. When he saw me he set the pails on the ground and stared like a man who has seen a ghost. I walked up to him and smiled.

After a time he raised one of his powerful hands as if to strike me. But the blow never fell. I came to him and smiled.

My mother was overjoyed to see me back, alive and well. My sisters, womanlike, wanted to know what I had brought them. My brother ran to his room and came back with a thick scrapbook of clippings stories of my adventures he had taken from many German magazines and newspapers. In most of them I was called "Der König der Stowaways"—the King of the Stowaways.

The End.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Broiled Chicken Grapefruit Juice Pineapple Cereal Baked Beans Custard Ice Cream	Broiled Chicken Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Buttered Toast Coffee Ice Cream	Broiled Chicken Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Buttered Toast Coffee Ice Cream	Broiled Chicken Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Buttered Toast Coffee Ice Cream	Broiled Chicken Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Buttered Toast Coffee Ice Cream	Broiled Chicken Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Buttered Toast Coffee Ice Cream	Broiled Chicken Pineapple Juice Cereal Soft Cooked Eggs Buttered Toast Coffee Ice Cream

YOU'LL LIKE the way a Carter's Cube brightens up your desk. It's so gay and modern. And more practical, too. It has a wide mouth for easy dipping and filling, and a leak-proof screw cap that's easy to open.

The "finest-for-fountain-pen" inks write like a charm. Deep-toned and free-flowing, they feed evenly in any fountain pen. Carter's Cubes come in three sizes—10¢, 15¢ and 25¢. And in permanent and washable inks, and the colorful Sunset shades.

CARTER'S INK

ADHESIVE CARBON PAPER

Typewriter Ribbons

Mercolized Wax

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Abolishes all blemishes and discolored tones and makes your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax.

Powdered Saxolite

Abolishes all blemishes and discolored tones and makes your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax.

New Powder Makes FALSE TEETH Stick Tight All Day Long

Now you can wear false teeth in so firmly and so comfortably that you can do anything you please without any trouble. It's the only powder that keeps your false teeth in so tight that you can do anything you please without any trouble. It's the only powder that keeps your false teeth in so tight that you can do anything you please without any trouble.

Discholl's Zino-pads

Put one under the pain is gone!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the pain and the cause of these foot troubles instantly! These thin, soft, cushioning pads are safe and sure. They also quickly remove corns, calluses, and bunions. Easy to apply, no straps, no tape, no messy medicine. 25¢ and 35¢ a box. Sold everywhere.

The Girl Who Talked About By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 17)

white shaking hands. She didn't want to die... she didn't want to die... "Shall I pray with you, my daughter?" the priest was saying, gently.

Otelia shook her head. She knew that just then she couldn't have listened to his words. She felt stunned. "Later, the whisperer. 'But please leave me now.'"

The old priest looked at her pityingly, made the sign of the cross and left the cell. His heart was very heavy within him. It was sad that such a sweet-faced girl should die. Surely her life could not have been so very great. She had looked so young and innocent in the gloomy cell, a faint ray of sunlight that had crept in through the bars of her cell.

But these were hard times, he reflected bitterly. Things were not the same as when the last good king was alive. He hated this mission of breaking the news of death. And he had still to tell the young man of his impending fate.

Robin took the news with less resignation than Otelia. He grabbed the old priest by the shoulders.

"Do you mean that Otelia is to die, too?" he demanded. "You can't mean that. Why, man, it's

dastardly, inhuman... She's the sweetest creature that ever lived." His voice broke suddenly. His hands fell to his sides. No use saying anything more. It wasn't his fault. But the thought of Otelia, his Otelia standing up before a wall of soldiers to be shot down, it was monstrous, terrible... Otelia, with her warmth, her youth, her beauty... The priest was about to turn away when Robin stopped him. "May I see Otelia before I die?" he demanded hoarsely.

The priest hesitated. "I will deliver your request to the governor of the prison," he returned, glancing at his watch. "I fear, young man, that you will not be allowed to." "Plead with him," Robin urged hoarsely. "I must see her again!"

The priest departed. Robin waited in an agony of suspense. He paced the small cell, endlessly... the sweet stood out on his brow. Otelia was to be put to death! For himself he didn't care so much, although no man welcomes death. But that she should be asked to die was torture to him.

Poor little girl, he thought with a sharp pain in his heart, what must she be feeling now? If only he might be there to comfort her. If only they might be granted the mercy of spending their last hours together.

But apparently that consolation was to be denied them. When the priest returned it was to tell Robin that his request had been refused.

"Is there no human mercy in the world at all?" he groaned in despair.

The priest blessed him and withdrew. Robin sank back to his hard narrow bed and tried to stop thinking. But that was impossible. His mind dwelt continually on the thought of Otelia... his poor little sweetheart suffering the terrible ordeal of waiting for death alone.

Precisely, inaction becoming impossible, he jumped to his feet and with all his strength beat frantically and desperately on the stone wall that separated him from Otelia. Only a stone wall between them and yet they might as well have been on different planets of the earth. He called her name wildly, desperately, shouting to her yet to have courage, swearing his love for her. But the only answer that came to his cries was the echo of his own voice in that gloomy

prison cell.

The sunlight was fading. As one in a trance Otelia sat and stared at the dwindling rays and the dying stars. At tomorrow she and Robin must die. Yesterday she wouldn't have cared for anything but death. But now that she knew he loved her, death seemed futile, ghastly.

"Prepare to receive a visitor, Madame." It was the voice of the prison guard speaking from the doorway. Otelia started to her feet. Who could it be? Who would be likely to seek her out here?

But the moment she saw her visitor she knew him instantly. Even though he kept his black cloak half-covered his face. How well she knew those restless, piercing eyes, that jet black hair, that stiff arrogant carriage... Boris here in her cell! What did it mean? Was there still hope?

Directly the guard had disappeared, he dropped the cloak from his face. She noticed, with an inward shudder that the cruel line of his lip was more prominent than she had ever seen it before.

For a moment they stared at each other without speaking. Then he swept her the same insolent, half-mocking bow.

"You have heard my sentence," he pronounced sharply. "You will die with me tomorrow."

Otelia bent her head. There was a savage, almost devilish gleam in his eyes. She started down at the girl who had defied him and who had wrecked his most cherished plot.

"You would trifle too far today, my dear, with that scene you made in the church," he told her coldly. "By your rashness you sealed your own fate and also that of your lover. Have you anything to say?"

Otelia raised her head proudly. "I was trying to save the Princess from the same fate as that which befell me," she told him through white quivering lips. "You must have known that. Flattering of you, my dear..." He smiled down at her cruelly. "All the same, and here you are prepared to offer your own last chance to live?"

A faint hope flickered up in her heart and died. For in her heart she knew that Boris' terms would be impossible to accept. As she remained silent, he ex-

claimed sharply: "Listen, girl, don't you understand? I am offering you your life!"

"In exchange for what?" Otelia asked.

Boris shrugged. "What I want you to do is simple enough. I want you to go to the Princess and tell her that until this morning I had never seen you before in my life. Confess that you lied, that it was all a trick to blackmail me..."

"To be Continued Next Sunday."

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Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

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JUNGLE JIM

BY ALEX RAYMOND

FINDING A CIGARETTE STUB FLOATING ON THE RIVER OPPOSITE A SWAMP, JIM DECIDES THAT HAWK BRUDER AND HIS RIVER PIRATES MUST BE HIDING THEREIN--HE AND JOAN DECIDE TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS--SUDDENLY, A WAR CANOE GLIDES INTO VIEW

IT MUST BE HAWK BRUDER, JOAN--LOOK! HOLU'S IN THE CANOE--I'D RECOGNIZE THAT RED TURBAN OF HIS ANYWHERE-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



CAREFUL, JIM--DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH THEY'RE ARMED TO THE TEETH--

IN THE STERN OF THE WAR CANOE, HOLU CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF AS THE WILD LAUGHTER OF A HYENA ECHOES ACROSS THE RIVER--THE OLD CALL OF HIS MASTER, JUNGLE JIM!

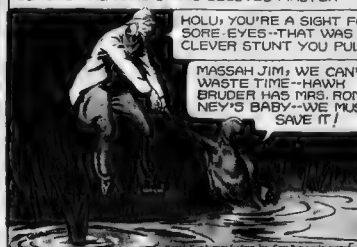


HOLU LEAPS FORWARD AND PUNCHES THE MAN AHEAD OF HIM--THE ENRAGED NATIVE LUNGES AT HOLU WITH A DRAWN DAGGER--HOLU TOPPLES OVERBOARD--



HAWK BRUDER'S GUN LEAPS FROM ITS HOLSTER, SPITTING FLAME--THE LUCKLESS NATIVE TOPPLES OVERBOARD, A BULLET HOLE IN HIS FOREHEAD--

AS THE CANOE SWEEPS AROUND A BEND, HOLU CLASPS THE HAND OF HIS BELOVED MASTER--



HOLU, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES--THAT WAS A CLEVER STUNT YOU PULLED
MASSAH JIM, WE CAN'T WASTE TIME--HAWK BRUDER HAS MRS. ROMNEY'S BABY--WE MUST SAVE IT!

NEXT WEEK--
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Flash Gordon



IF YOUR MEN TOUCH HIM OR SEE A SHADOW, THEY ARE TO SHOOT TO HILL!

AZURA HUNTS HER INVISIBLE ENEMY, FLASH GORDON--



BUT FLASH, ESCAPING, HUNTS FOR HIS COMRADE, HHAN, CAPTAIN OF THE HAWKMEN--



IS HHAN ALIVE? TELL ME WHERE HE IS OR YOU DIE!

THE SHADOW! HHAN'S IN THIS CELL



FLASH MELTS THE DOOR WITH THE GUARD'S FLAME RIFLE--



WHERE ARE YOU, FLASH?

ZARHOV'S RAY MADE ME INVISIBLE--HERE, TAKE THIS GUN WHILE I BIND THIS GUARD--

HELP, AZURA!



HERE COMES AZURA--FLASH, BE CAREFUL--I CAN SEE YOUR HANDS!

ZARHOV WARNED ME THE INVISIBILITY WOULD WEAR OFF--HOLD THE FORT--I'LL MAKE A FLANK BACK



AS AZURA'S GUARDS DASH DOWN THE CORRIDOR, LIKE A PACK IN FULL CRY, HHAN OPENS FIRE WITH HIS DEADLY FLAME RIFLE--



WHILE HER SOLDIERS BATTLE HHAN'S MERCILESS FIRE, TWO PHANTOM HANDS DRAG THE SCREAMING, STRUGGLING WITCH QUEEN BACK ALONG THE CORRIDOR!

NEXT WEEK--
THE
"PIT OF PERIL!"

THE COMIC WEEKLY

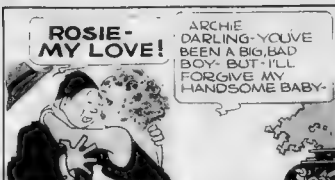
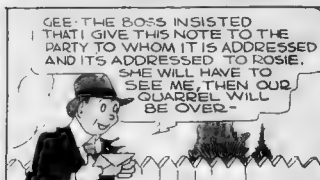
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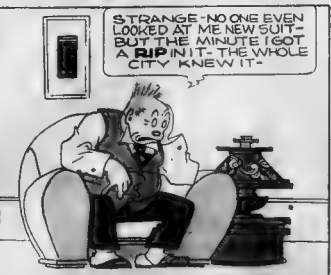
Sunday, September 1, 1935

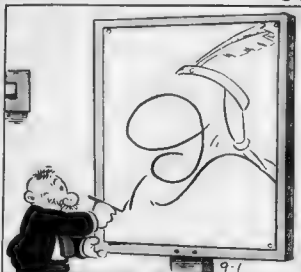
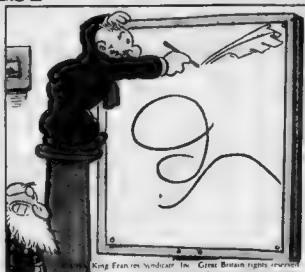
Rosie's Beau

By GEO. McMANUS

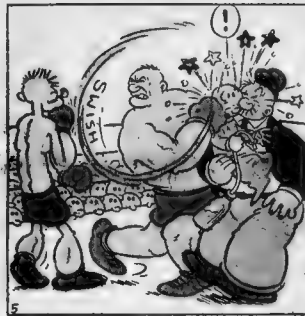
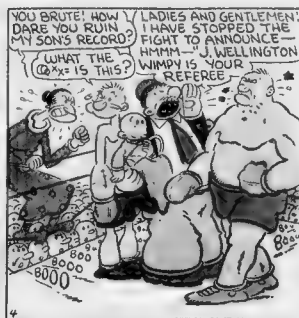
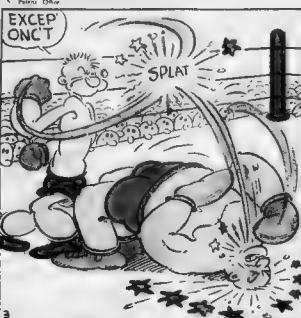
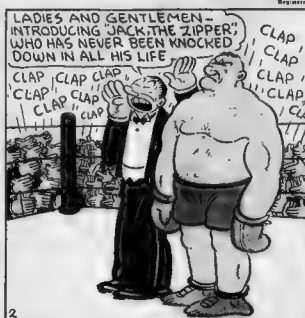


Bringing Up Father





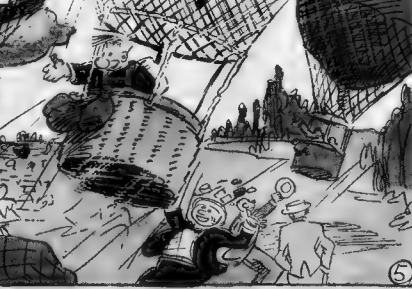
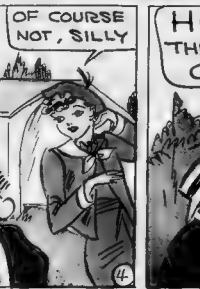
Thimble Theatre



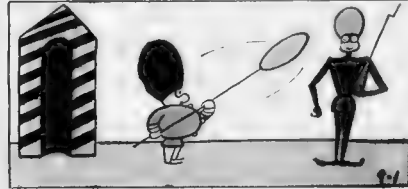
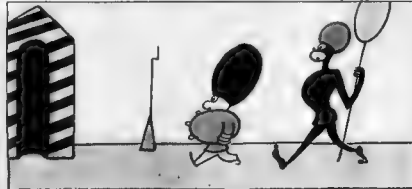
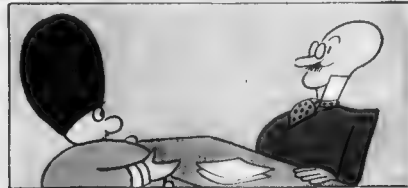
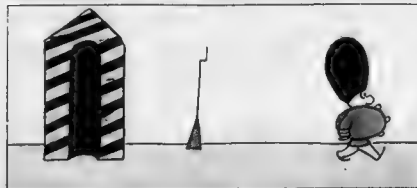
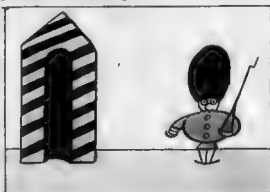
You can enjoy POPEYE every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN



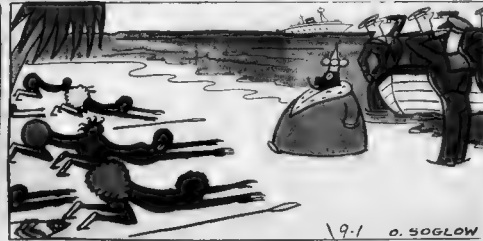
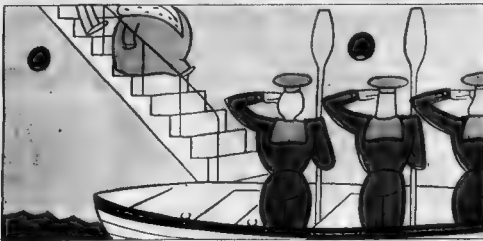
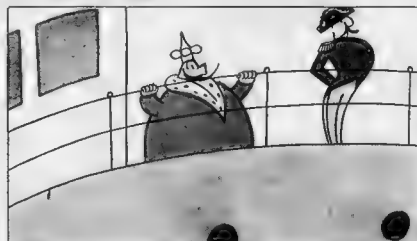
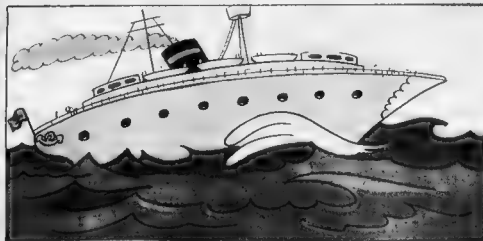
Tillie the Toiler

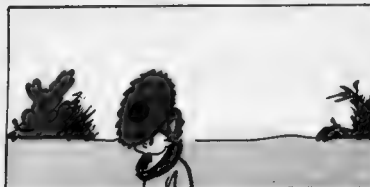
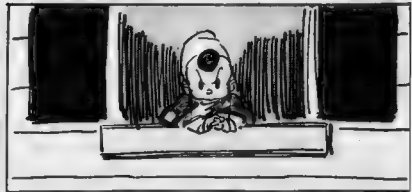


**SENTINEL
LOUIE**
by O. SOGLOW



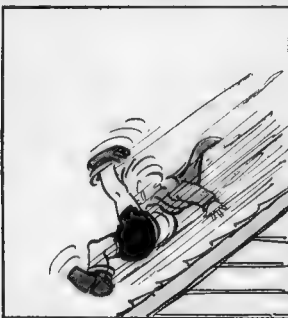
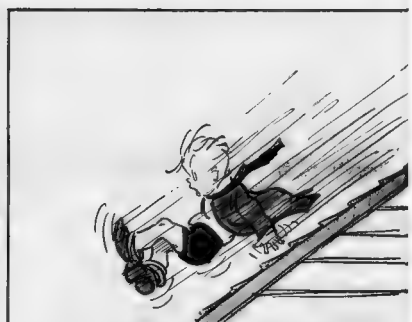
The Little King



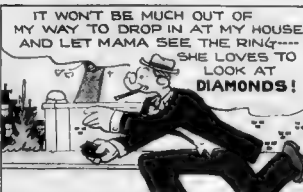
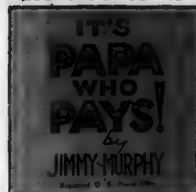


Skippy

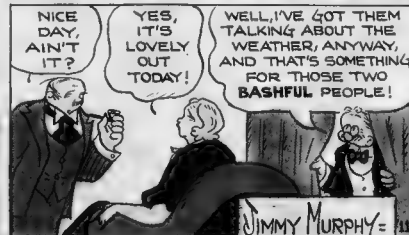
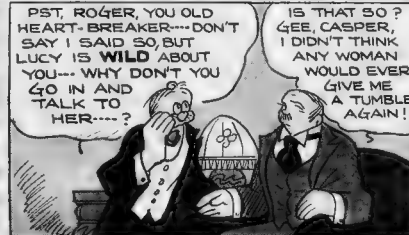
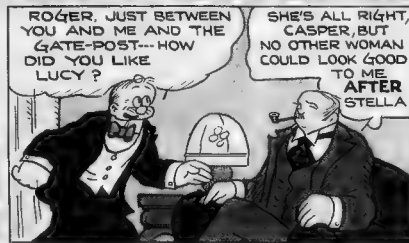
Illustrated by F. Paul O'Neil



SKIPPY is in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN every week day



Toots and Casper



HALL OF FAME OF THE AIR

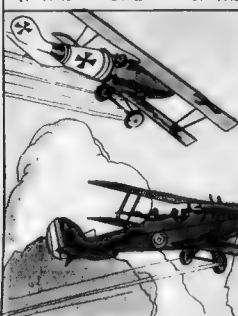
BY CAPT. E. V. RICKENBACHER
DRAWN BY CLAYTON KNIGHT



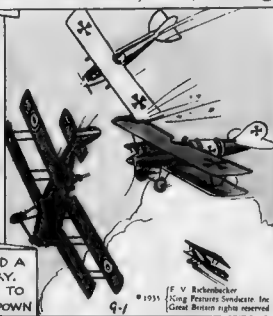
OSWALD BOELCKE

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE EARLIER GERMAN ACES. HE WAS THE SON OF A SAXON SCHOOL MASTER AND LEARNED TO FLY AT THE HALBERSTADT FLYING SCHOOL BEFORE THE WAR BEGAN. BY MAY, 1916, HE HAD DOWNED 16 PLANES AND THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND HAD FORBIDDEN HIM TO FLY, AS HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE AIR WAS INVALUABLE, BUT HE CONTINUED UNTIL HIS DEATH, WHEN HIS SCORE HAD REACHED 40.

FIRING AT A TWO-SEATER, HE WAS PUZZLED WHEN NO SHOTS WERE RETURNED. BOTH THE PILOT AND OBSERVER WERE DEAD. IT WAS A DERELICT OF THE AIR!



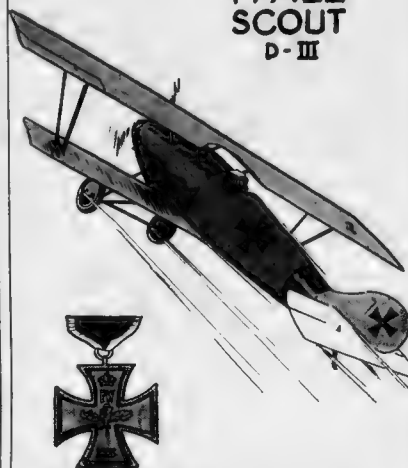
ON OCTOBER 28TH, 1916, WHILE FIGHTING WITH AN ENGLISH PLANE, ONE OF HIS FAVORITE PUPILS COLLIDED WITH HIM AND HE FELL TO HIS DEATH, OUT OF CONTROL.



AMONG FRIEND AND FOE, BOELCKE HAD A REPUTATION FOR BRAVERY AND CHIVALRY. HE DEVOTED MANY OF HIS REST HOURS TO VISITING WOUNDED MEN HE HAD BROUGHT DOWN.

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GERMAN PFALZ SCOUT D-III

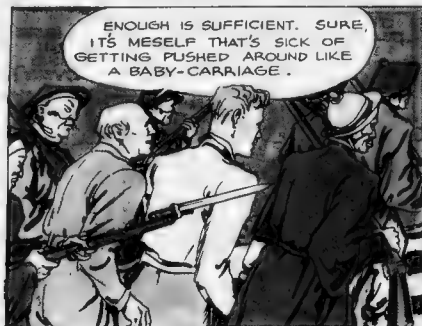


THE IRON CROSS AND MANY OTHER DECORATIONS, INCLUDING "POUR LE MERITE," WERE BESTOWED ON BOELCKE.

ACE DRUMMOND

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacher



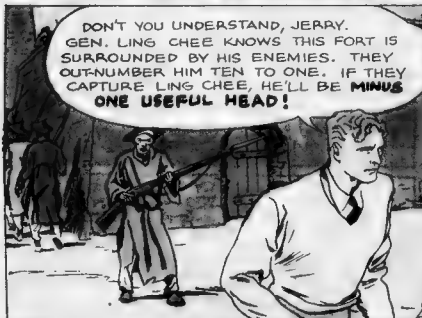
ENOUGH IS SUFFICIENT. SURE, IT'S MESELF THAT'S SICK OF GETTING PUSHED AROUND LIKE A BABY-CARRIAGE.



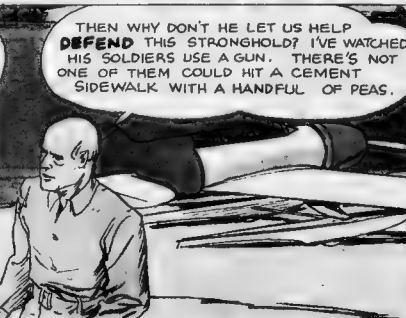
STEADY, JERRY - AFTER ALL, THEY'RE NOT TO BLAME. IF YOU OWNED SOME VERY, VERY PRECIOUS JEWELS, YOU WOULD TRY AND SEE THEY WERE KEPT IN A NICE, SAFE PLACE!



IT'S A FUNNY MAN YOU ARE, ACE DRUMMOND. WHILE A LOT OF WILD-EYED HEATHENS ARE USING ME FOR A PIN-CUSHION - YOU'RE TELLING ME RIDDLES



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, JERRY. GEN. LING CHEE KNOWS THIS FORT IS SURROUNDED BY HIS ENEMIES. THEY OUTNUMBER HIM TEN TO ONE. IF THEY CAPTURE LING CHEE, HE'LL BE MINUS ONE USEFUL HEAD!



THEN WHY DON'T HE LET US HELP DEFEND THIS STRONGHOLD? I'VE WATCHED HIS SOLDIERS USE A GUN. THERE'S NOT ONE OF THEM COULD HIT A CEMENT SIDEWALK WITH A HANDFUL OF PEAS.



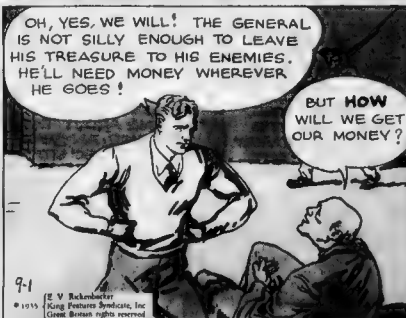
BUT ON THE FIRING-LINE WE MIGHT BE KILLED OR INJURED

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. AS LONG AS LING CHEE'S OWN HIDE IS SAFE, HE WOULDN'T CARE IF WE WERE BOILED IN OIL!



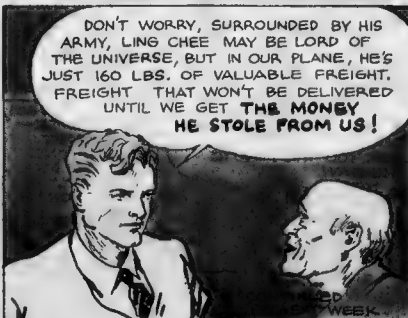
HOW CAN YOU SLEEP WITH ALL THIS LIGHT IN YOUR EYES? WHEN LING CHEE SEES THAT THERE IS NO CHANCE TO WIN, HE'LL LEAVE HERE IN A HURRY. TO DO THAT, HE'LL NEED US TO PILOT THE PLANE.

THEN - WE'LL NEVER GET OUR \$20,000 PRIZE MONEY



OH, YES, WE WILL! THE GENERAL IS NOT SILLY ENOUGH TO LEAVE HIS TREASURE TO HIS ENEMIES. HE'LL NEED MONEY WHEREVER HE GOES!

BUT HOW WILL WE GET OUR MONEY?



DON'T WORRY, SURROUNDED BY HIS ARMY, LING CHEE MAY BE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE, BUT IN OUR PLANE, HE'S JUST 160 LBS. OF VALUABLE FREIGHT. FREIGHT THAT WON'T BE DELIVERED UNTIL WE GET THE MONEY HE STOLE FROM US!

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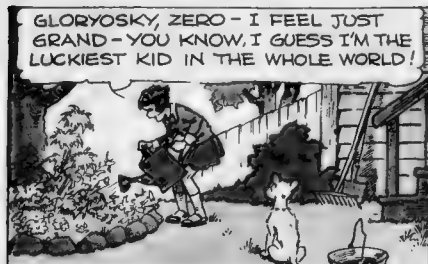
20 WEEK

AMERICA'S GREATEST LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1935

Registered U. S. Patent Office

COLOR COMIC SECTION
by BRANDON WALSH



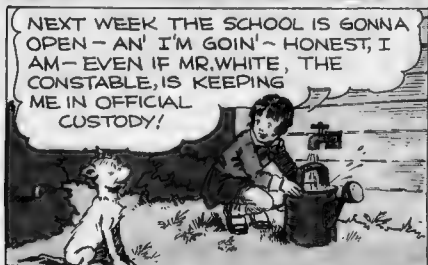
GLORYOSKY, ZERO - I FEEL JUST GRAND - YOU KNOW, I GUESS I'M THE LUCKIEST KID IN THE WHOLE WORLD!



I BETCHA MRS. MEANY KIN NEVER FIND ME IN A LITTLE TOWN LIKE THIS - THE RAILROAD IS OVER TWENTY MILES FROM HERE!



AN' THE STORE-KEEPER SEZ -- ONLY TWO THINGS HAPPEN IN THIS TOWN EVERY YEAR - AN' THAT'S WINTER AN' SUMMER - HE MEANS THE TOWN IS NICE AN' QUIET!!



NEXT WEEK THE SCHOOL IS GONNA OPEN - AN' I'M GOIN' - HONEST, I AM - EVEN IF MR. WHITE, THE CONSTABLE, IS KEEPING ME IN OFFICIAL CUSTODY!



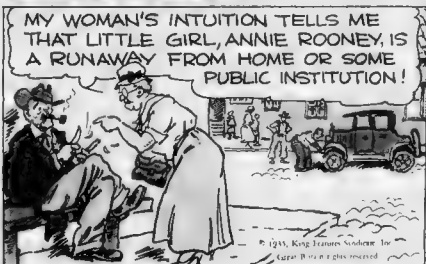
MISS BLAKE, THE SCHOOL-TEACHER, IS GRAND - WHEN SHE HEARD I WAS GOIN' TO SCHOOL ALL BY MYSELF, WHILE THE KIDS WAS ON A VACATION - SHE WASN'T MAD AT ME!!



SHE ASKED ME LOTS A QUESTIONS 'BOUT GEOGRAPHY - 'RITHMETIC AN' SPELLING - 'COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW MUCH - BUT SHE DIDN'T CARE -- SHE SEZ AS LONG AS A KID IS TRYING TO LEARN SHE'S SATISFIED!



MOST OF THE KIDS IS SMARTER THAN I AM 'CAUSE THEY GO TO SCHOOL ALL THE TIME, BUT I'M GONNA STUDY AWFUL HARD - AN' MAYBE AFTER A WHILE I'LL KETCH UP WITH THEM!!

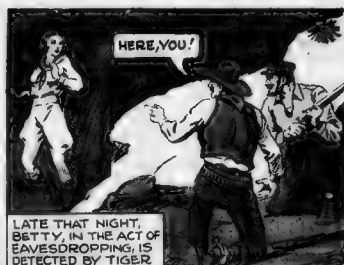


MY WOMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME THAT LITTLE GIRL, ANNIE ROONEY, IS A RUNAWAY FROM HOME OR SOME PUBLIC INSTITUTION!



WELL, YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD - AN' LISTEN TO YOUR WOMANLY INTUITION AN' I'LL SORT OF LISTEN TO MY MANLY INTUITION - AN' IF WE KEEP A-LISTENING - MEBBE - WE'LL HEAR SOMETHING - MEBBE --

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED by ZANE GREY



HERE, YOU!



I KNEW I'D HAVE TO LEARN YOU SOME MANNERS. GET BACK OVER THERE WHERE YOU BELONG

YOU CAN'T TREAT MY SISTER THAT WAY!



YOU YOUNG WHIMP - I'LL

TAKE IT EASY, TIGER - I'LL TIE THE KID UP



I WAS NEVER GOIN' TO SPLIT THAT FORTUNE WITH YOU, ANYWAY, DUNK
GET ON YOUR HORSES, YOU TWO, AN' GET GOIN'



STAY AHEAD OF ME

TONIGHT-SOMEHOW WE'LL GET AWAY

YES - QUIET - HE MIGHT HEAR YOU AND THEN WE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO DO IT



AN' THIS AINT ALL YOU'RE BOTH GOIN' TO DO FOR ME

TIGER MAKES BETTY AND KID DO THE CAMP CHORES THAT NIGHT



BETTY, WHO HAS LIVED MOST OF HER LIFE IN THE NORTH WOODS, HAS LEARNED A USEFUL SECRET FROM THE INDIANS. SHE DROPS A FEW LEAVES IN TIGER'S CUP



HE WILL WAKE UP IN A FEW HOURS - BUT IT WILL GIVE US A START

I BROUGHT THIS ENVELOPE, MAYBE IT WILL HELP KING

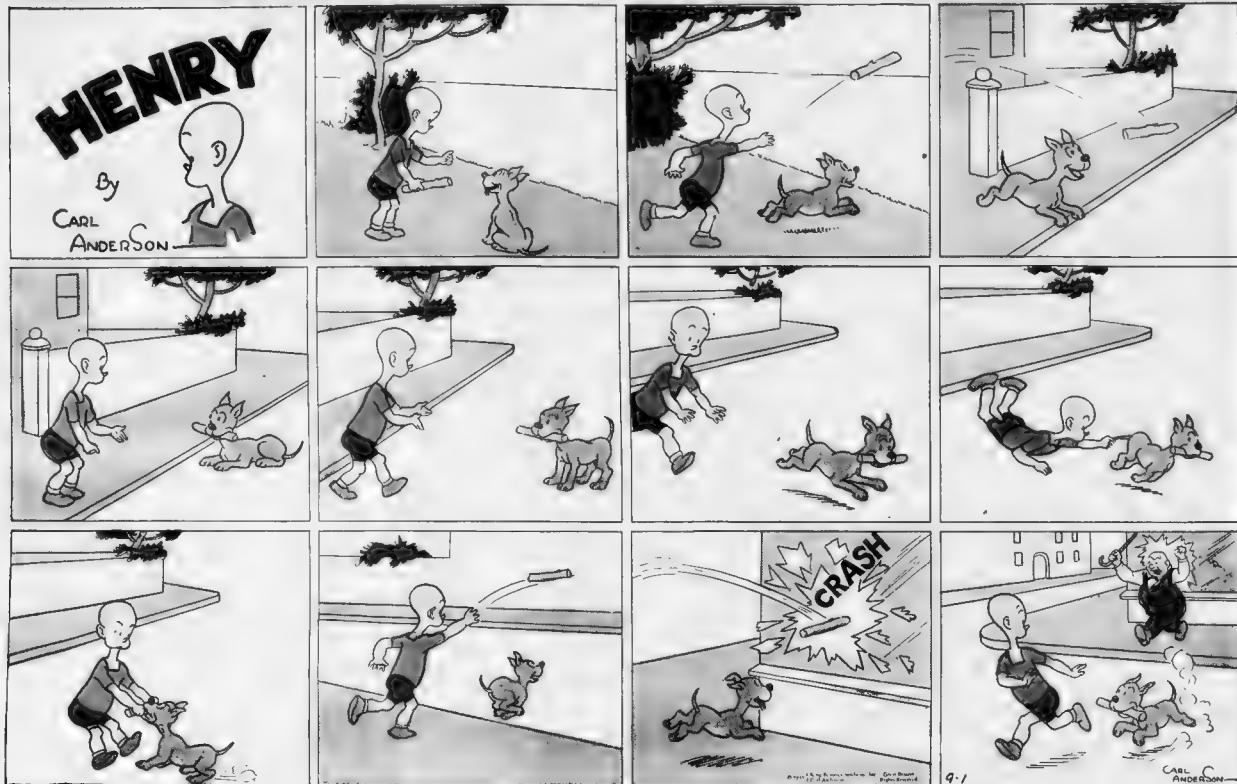
BETTY AND KID ESCAPE, AND KID UNKNOWNLY TAKES WITH HIM THEIR SECRET - THE PAPERS COVERED BY SO MANY



ALONE - BROTHER AND SISTER FACE THE NORTHERN NIGHT AND THE WILDERNESS

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9-1 CONTINUED



THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS
by
ED. ANTHONY
DRAWN BY
GRACE DRAYTON



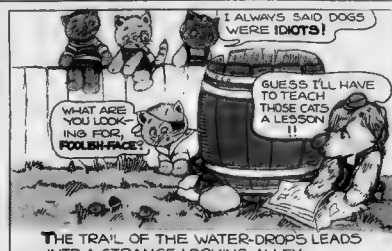
TABBYLAND'S GREATEST DETECTIVE, SERGEANT SNOOP OF SCOTLAND YARD, CONTINUES HIS SEARCH FOR THE VALUABLE BLOODED GOLDFISH STOLEN FROM THE PALACE AQUARIUM. HE SPIES SOME DROPS OF WATER ON THE SIDEWALK.



THE SERGEANT AVAILS HIMSELF OF THE MOST MODERN AIDS IN CRIME DETECTION.



THE SERGEANT GIVES THE DOG, FAMOUS FOR SOLVING "WATER CRIMES," HIS INSTRUCTIONS. "TRAIL THOSE DROPS OF WATER TO THEIR STARTING POINT," AGE THE ORDERS.



THE TRAIL OF THE WATER-DROPS LEADS INTO A STRANGE-LOOKING ALLEY.



DOG DETECTIVES ARE USUALLY ABOVE CHASING CATS, BUT SERGEANT SNOOP'S WATER SPANIEL DECIDES TO SCATTER HIS HECKLERS.



HAVING CHASED THE CATS, THE DOG DETECTIVE AGAIN TAKES UP THE WATER-DROP TRAIL, WHICH LEADS--



TO THIS FAMILIAR SCENE! ... CONTINUED.

Follow the antics of HENRY every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN



Tim Tyler's Luck



RED BARRY

Registered U. S. Patent Office



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED

DON'T ASK MABEL - HER SKIN GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

READ HOW MABEL WON LOTS OF NEW DATES

MABEL SURE HAS A TERRIBLE COMPLEXION

YEAH, SHE'S NEVER GOTTEN OVER HER ADOLESCENT SKIN!

MOTHER, WHAT'S 'ADOLESCENT SKIN'?

DARLING, EVERY GIRL IN HER TEENS GOES THROUGH A PIMPLY STAGE.

MABEL WORRIES ME - I'M JUST GOING TO GET UP MY COURAGE AND TELL HER WHAT TO DO FOR THAT BROKEN-OUT SKIN

MABEL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN

THEN I CAN REALLY GET RID OF THESE HICKIES?

LATER

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, MOTHER - THOSE DREADED PIMPLES ARE ALL GOING AWAY!

MONTH LATER

GEE, MABEL, I WISH YOU'D GO TO THE PROM WITH ME!

BOY, THE FELLOWS SURE ARE RUSHING MABEL - AND NO WONDER - WITH A SKIN LIKE HERS!

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES HUMILIATE YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin, especially where there are many oil glands - and pimples pop out in these areas - on the face, chest and back.

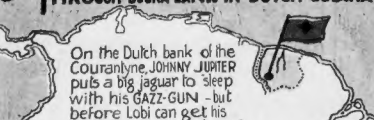
Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate you. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start today!

-clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Fleischmann's Yeast clears

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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES
JOHNNY ROUND-THE-WORLD
 By **WILLIAM LAVARRE, F.B.G.S.**
THROUGH DJUKA LANDS IN DUTCH GUIANA



On the Dutch bank of the Courantyne, JOHNNY JUPITER puts a big jaguar to sleep with his GAZZ-GUN—but before Lobi can get his rope the jaguar wakes up!

1 HERE!... ME GOT THE ROPE!

TOO LATE, LOBI! HE WOKE UP!

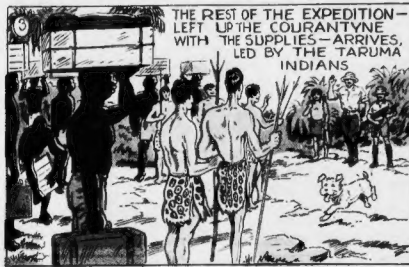


2 IT'S NO GOOD!

THE GAZZ-GUN IS O.K. ... BUT AFTER THIS REMEMBER THE THREE MINUTE HAVE YOUR ROPE READY BEFORE YOU SHOOT.



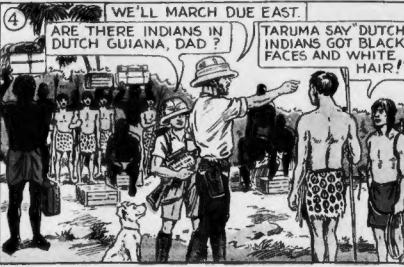
3 THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION—LEFT UP THE COURANTYNE WITH THE SUPPLIES—ARRIVES, LED BY THE TARUMA INDIANS



4 WE'LL MARCH DUE EAST.

ARE THERE INDIANS IN DUTCH GUIANA, DAD?

TARUMA SAY "DUTCH INDIANS GOT BLACK FACES AND WHITE HAIR!"



5 YOU KEEP THAT ROPE WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, LOBI. AS SOON AS I SHOOT ANYTHING YOU RUN AND TIE IT UP.

ME MAKE LASSOO.



6



7



8 ME READY THIS TIME!



LITTLE ALBY

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

I WONDER WOULD THAT WORTHY GENTLEMAN DONATE ME SOME OF MY FAVORITE CRINKLY CEREAL?

JOE'S PLACE

FILL UP HERE EATS AND GAS



OH MR. JOE PLEASE, WON'T YOU PROVIDE A WEARIFUL TRAVELER WITH A BOWL OF GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?

HOPE, SORRY—WE CAN'T BE FEEDIN' EVERYBODY THAT COMES ALONG.

FILL UP HERE EATS AND GAS



O.K. BOYS, WE GOTTA GET GAS HERE AND STEP ON IT BEFORE THE COPS CATCH UP!

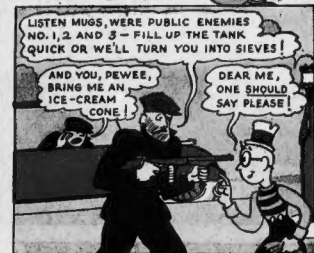
I WONDER WHO THOSE RUGGED GENTLEMEN ARE?



LISTEN MUGS, WERE PUBLIC ENEMIES NO. 1, 2 AND 3—FILL UP THE TANK QUICK OR WE'LL TURN YOU INTO SIEVES!

AND YOU, DEWEY, BRING ME AN ICE-CREAM CONE!

DEAR ME, ONE SHOULD SAY PLEASE!



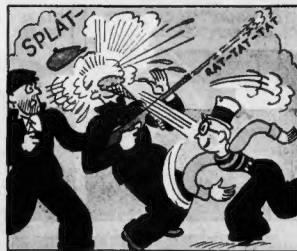
I DISLIKE YOUR FACES, MR. PUBLIC ENEMIES.

SO HE DON'T LIKE OUR FACES! LET'S RUB HIM OUT!



SPLAT!

RAY-NAT-AY!



I KNOW NOTHING OF FIREARMS BUT THIS SEEMS EFFECTIVE!



SPLAT!



SAVED! THE COPS!



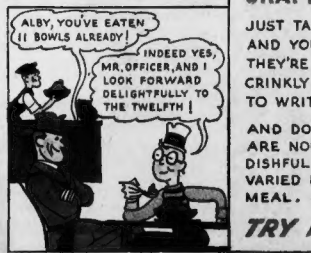
GREAT WORK! NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU—LITTLE STRANGER!

TRULY? OH THEN MAYBE NOW YOU'LL SPARE ME SOME HONEY-SWEET GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!



ALBY, YOU'VE EATEN 11 BOWLS ALREADY!

INDEED YES, MR. OFFICER, AND I LOOK FORWARD DELIGHTFULLY TO THE TWELFTH!



OF COURSE LITTLE ALBY LOVES GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

JUST TASTE THEM YOURSELF AND YOU'LL KNOW WHY. THEY'RE CRISP, GOLDEN-BROWN, CRINKLY! THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR TO WRITE HOME ABOUT!

AND DON'T FORGET THIS: GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ARE NOURISHING AS WELL AS DELICIOUS, ONE DISHFUL WITH MILK OR CREAM—GIVES YOU MORE VARIED NOURISHMENT THAN MANY A HEARTY MEAL. A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS.

TRY IT—YOUR GROCER HAS IT!



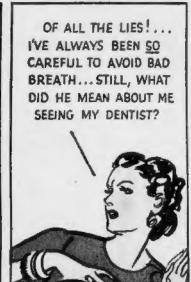
Blondie

Regarded U. S. First Class



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AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO.



Most Bad Breath Begins with the teeth!

Read how Colgate Dental Cream Protects You!

DON'T run the risk of letting your breath offend! It's so simple to be safe... when you realize the most common cause!—improperly cleaned teeth!

Authorities point out that decaying food deposits lodge in the hidden crevices between the

teeth and become the source of most bad breath. Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish exposed surfaces, fail to remove these deposits. But Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, gets deep into every tiny crevice... emulsifies and washes away the food

residue and acid-deposits that cause bad breath. At the same time a soft, grit-free polishing agent gently and safely cleans and brightens enamel. So use Colgate Dental Cream... and make sure of having cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

IF YOU PREFER POWDER... Colgate Dental Powder gives the same amazing results—at the same low, money-saving prices—carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

If you are not entirely satisfied with results after using a single tube of Colgate Dental Cream—and the empty tube to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J. We'll refund twice what you paid.

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Ointment, over
twice as much,
35¢

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



Mail this coupon to Dept. B-A-2, Colgate, Jersey City, N. J., with empty carton from 35¢ tube of Colgate Dental Cream. We will send, promptly, large 25¢ tube of Colgate Brushless Shave Cream.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

SHAVERS' CHEER
THE NEW COLGATE
BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM



DINGLEHOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH. — BY KNERR —



The Katzenjammer Kids

